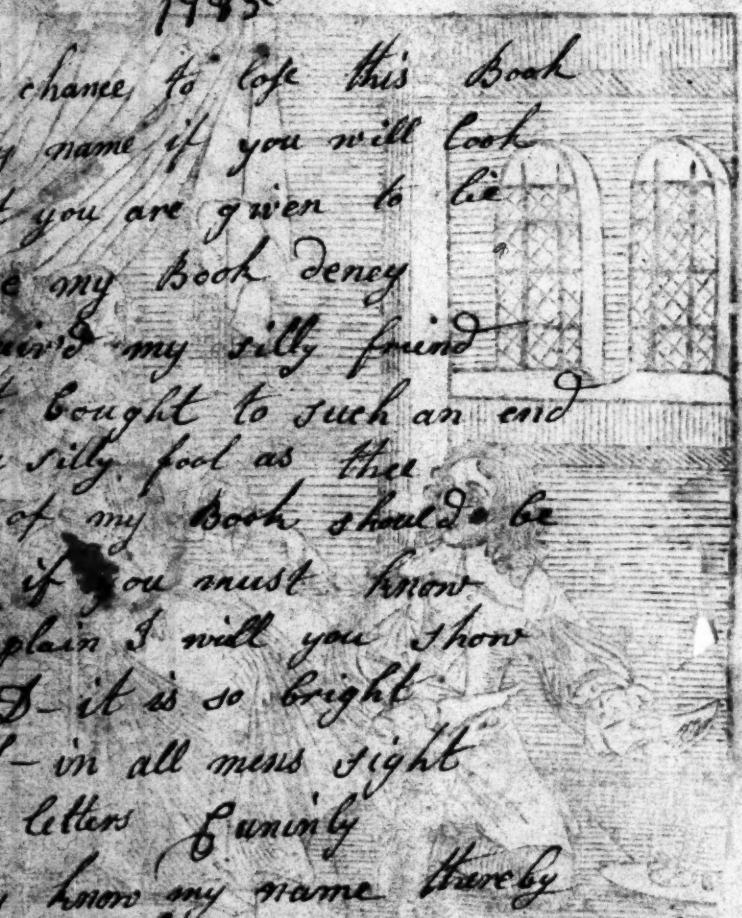
The HISTORY of the GENTLE-CRAFT.

A *Gentle-Craft* that hath the Art,
To ſteal ſoon into a Ladies Heart;
Here you may ſee what Youth and Love can do,
The Crown doth ſtoop to th' Maker of a Shoe.

Dinah Stanbrook
Her Book
1785



If I should chance to lose this Book
Here is my name if you will look
But if that you are given to lie
And unto me my Book deney
You are deceiv'd my silly friend
It was not bought to such an end
That such a silly fool as thee
The master of my Book should be
Whose book if you must know
The letters plain I will you show
The one is -D- it is so bright
The others -S- in all mens sight
Be you these letters Cuninly
And you may know my name thereby
But should you chance my name to miss
Look underneath and there it is

Dinah Stanbrook

The Pleasant and Princely

HISTORY

OF THE

GENTLE-CRAFT.

A DISCOURSE

Containing many Matters of DELIGHT;
Very Pleasant to Read.

SHEWING

What Famous Men have been SHOE-MAKERS in time past in this Land, with their Worthy Deeds and great Hospitality.

Set forth with Pictures, and variety of Wit and Mirth.

Declaring the cause why it was called the

GENTLE-CRAFT.

And also how the Proverb first grew,

A Shoe-Maker's Son is a Prince Born. T. D.

With Gentleness Judge you
At nothing here Grudge you,
The Merry Shoe-makers Delight in good Sport:
What here is presented,
Be therewith Contented,
And as you do like it so give your Report.

Haud curo invidiam.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Wilde*, and Sold by *P. Brooksby*, at the *Golden Ball*, in *Pye-corner*. *J. Deacon*, at the *Angel* in *Gilt-spur-Street*. *J. Back*, at the *Black Boy*; *J. Blare*, at the *Looking-Glass*; and *B. Tracy*, at the *Three Bibles* on *London Bridge*; 1696.

To all the

Good Yeomen

OF THE

GENTLE-CRAFT.

YOu that the Gentle-Craft profeſs,
List to my words both more and leſs,
And I ſhall tell you many things
Of Worthy and Renowned Kings,
And divers Lords and Knights alſo,
That were Shoemakers long ago.
Some of them in their Diſtreſs,
Delighted in this Buſineſs,
And ſome for whom great wait was laid,
Did ſave their Lives by this ſame Trade.
And other ſome, in ſport and game,
Delighted much to learn the ſame:
No other Trade in all the Land,
They thought ſo fit unto their hand;
For evermore they ſtill did find,
That Shoemakers bore a gallant mind.
Men they were of high conceit,
The which wrought many a merry feat,
Stout of Courage were they ſtill,
And in their Weapons had great skill;
Travellers by Sea and Land,
Each Country guiſe to underſtand,
Wrong they wrought not any Man,
With Reaſon all things did they ſcan,
Good Houſes kept they evermore,
Relieving both the ſick and poor.
In Law no Money would they ſpend,
Their Quarrels Friendly would they end.
No Malice did they bear to any,
But ſhew'd great favour unto many.
Offences they would ſoon forgive,
They would not in Contention live,
Thus in joy they ſpent their days,
With pleaſant Songs and Roundelays,
And God did bleſs them with Content,
Sufficient for them always ſent,
And never yet did any know
A Shoemaker a begging go.
Kind are they one to another,
Uſing each Stranger as his Brother.
Thus lived Shoemakers of old,
As Ancient Writers have it told;
And thus Shoemakers ſtill would be:
So Fame from them ſhall never flee.

The

The Old *Shoe-maker*'s ADVICE to his Son:

BEING

The Downfal of ALE-WIVES.

YOung Man, that now art in thy prime, beware of Drunkenneſs,
Thy Father hath miſ-ſpent his time in that ſame foul exceſs;
Which made me for to write to thee, the Ale-houſe to refrain,
Becauſe it hath quite Ruin'd me, ſpending my time in vain.

A Wall-Nut is a pleaſant Fruit, and hath a bitter skin,
If with the Alewife thou diſpute, ſhe'll make thy Purſe but thin:
Thy Money muſt maintain her Pride, and buy her Cob-web Lawn,
Whilſt thou for Beer and Ale beſide, doſt lay thy Cloak to pawn.

Good Counſel ſhe will ſeem to give, but if thou ſtay away,
This Woman knows not how to live, her Trade will ſoon decay:
Thou work'ſt for her both day and night, and all to pay thy Score,
She loves to ſee thee in her ſight, and all to keep thee poor.

She'll make a very Rogue of thee, if thou by her be rul'd,
Hadſt thou not better to go free, than be by her thus Fool'd?
When thou go'ſt home to wig to wag, praiſing thy own good Carriage,
Thy Cloaths no better than a Rag, O this will ſpoil thy Marriage.

She evermore will thee perſwade never to take a Wife,
For why? ſhe thinks 'twill ſpoil her Trade, and be the cauſe of ſtrife:
If thou be ne'er ſo much in haſte, ſhe'll cauſe thee for to ſtay,
The Cupboard then muſt be uncas'd, Tuſh, what, will you away?

She'll bring a piece of Powder'd Beef, or a Virginia Trout,
O ſhe's a very loving Thief, ſhe'll find thy Money out,
Her Lettice ſhews, as thou may'ſt ſee, ſhe ſells both Ale and Beer,
But, O beware, be rul'd by me, buy not her VVare ſo dear.

For ſhe will hold ſome Folks in talk, both Jeffery, James, and John,
Then with a double-forked Chalk ſhe'll ſcore two Pots for one:
I'll tell you of a ſtory good (ye Drunkards mend your lives,)
If it ye rightly underſtood, you'd never love Ale-wives.

Two Drunkards lov'd each other well, and both liv'd in one Houſe,
(The thing is true which I will tell) the beſt not worth a Louſe:
One of them dy'd and left his Cloak and Suit unto the other,
They ſpent their Coin in Drink and Smoak, and Ruined each other.

But mark the Ale-wife's Cruelty, ſhe claim'd all for her own,
Becauſe the Man that then did dye, was in her Debt 'twas known:
Then have a care my honeſt Lad, if thou dye ne'er ſo poor,
If any thing be to be had, 'tis that muſt pay thy Score.

O then

O then live but a civil Life, and scape this Dragon fell,
Thou may'ſt prevent much drunken ſtrife, and then thou ſhalt do well:
Criſpine and Criſpianus ſtout, were proper Men and tall:
But if thou beat this Dragon out, thou doſt more than them all.

For he that can himſelf ſubdue, and Bridle his own will,
O he doth more than if he ſlew, and did ten Dragons kill.
Gentle men of the Gentle-Craft, I will ſo well to all,
Altho' you drink your Mornings draught, let none procure your fall.

To all Courteous Readers, Health.

HOW St. Hugh *was Son to the Renowned King of* Powis, *a Noble* Britain *born, who in the prime of his Years, loved the fair Virgin* Winifred; *who was the only Daughter of* Donvallo; *which was the laſt King that Reigned in* Tegina, *which is now called* Flintſhire; *but ſhe refuſing all Offers of Love, was only pleaſed with a Religious Life. Her Father was ſent to* Rome, *and dyed, whoſe Lady left her Life long before. This Virgin therefore forſook her Father's Princely Palace in* Pant Varre, *and made her whole abiding in the moſt ſweet and pleaſant Valley of* Sichnaunt, *and lived there Solitarily, and careleſs of all Company or Comfort: it chanced that in the Summer's Heat, this fair Virgin being diſtreſſed for want of drink, and not knowing where to get any, there ſprung up ſuddenly a Cryſtal Stream of moſt pleaſant Water out of the hard ground, whereof this Virgin did daily drink, unto which God himſelf gave ſo great a Vertue, that many People having been waſhed therein, were healed of divers and ſundry Infirmities, wherewith they were born. Moreover, round about this Well where this Virgin did uſe to walk, did grow a kind of Moſs, which is of a moſt ſweet ſavour, and the colour thereof is as freſh in Winter as in Summer, ſo that lying thereon, you would ſuppoſe your ſelf to be on a Bed of Down, perfumed with moſt precious Odours. And what of all this? Marry read this Book and you ſhall know: but read nothing except you read all. And why ſo? Becauſe the beginning ſhews not the middle, and the middle ſhews not the latter end,*

And ſo Farewell.

The

THE Pleasant and Princely HISTORY OF THE GENTLE-CRAFT, &c.

CHAP. I.

The Pleasant History of Sir Hugh, and first of all his Constant Love to the Fair Virgin Winifred.

COnquering and most Imperious Love having seized on the Heart of young Sir Hugh, all his wits were set on work how to compass the Love of the fair Virgin Winifred, whose disdain was the chief cause of his care, having received many infinite sorrows for her sake. But as a stream of Water, being stopt, overflowerh the Bank; so smothered Desire both burst out into a great flame of Fire; which made the Male-contented Lover to seek some means to appease the strife of his contentious thoughts; whereupon he began to encourage himself. Tush Hugh, let not a few froward Words of a Woman dismay thee, for they love to be entreated, and delight to be wooed, tho' they would make the World believe otherwise, for their denials proceed more of niceness than niggardliness, refusing that they would fainest have. What if sometime Winifred frown on thee, yet her favour may exceed her frowardness. The Sun is sometime over-cast with Clouds, so that her brightness is not seen. In Wars, the nearer the Fight is, the greater is the glory of the Victory; and the harder a Woman is to be won, the sweeter is her Love when it is obtained: Wherefore once again I'll try my Fortune, and see what success my suit shall find: On this Resolution Sir Hugh returned to Winifred, greeting her thus:

Now, fair Lady, having slept away the remembrance of your sharp Answers, I come again in a new conceit to renew an old Suit, and to see if the change of the day will yield a change of dolours. Truly, Sir Hugh (quoth she) if with the change of the day you have changed your Opinion, your dolour will be driven away well enough: but as touching your Suit, it shall be needless to repeat it, because I am not willing to prefer it. Stay there (quoth Sir Hugh) I will prefer it; so that you shall accept it. Now, quoth she, I will accept it if you will prefer it, in sending it back to the place from whence it did proceed, and I would to God I could send you away as soon as your suit. VVhy then belike I am not welcome, said Sir Hugh; Yes (quoth she) as welcome to me as a storm to a distressed Mariner. I muse greatly that Reason will not rule you, nor words win you from your willfulness: if you were as weary to woo, as I am weary to hear you, I am perswaded that long since you would have ceased your vain suit: you think by these perswasions to turn my opinion, but as well you may think that you may quench Fire with Oil; therefore pray Sir Hugh, be not so tedious to me, nor troublesome to your self.

Come, come, quoth he, all this will not serve your turn; ponder with thy self Winifred that thou art fair, O that thou were as favourable: Thy Beauty hath bound me to be thy Servant, and never cease till I see another obtain thee, or my self be possessed of my hearts content: thou art a King's Daughter and I a Prince's Son: Stain not the Glory of true Nobility with the foul sin of obstinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art courtly, and gentle as thou art noble, and then shall our strife soon end.

VVinifred perceiving that the farther off she was to grant Love, the more eager he was to desire it, shifted him off thus: Sir, although your over-rashness hath driven me into the greatest doubtfulness, yet let me intreat you, if you love me, to give me one months respite to consider on this matter, and it may be (that upon my better deliberation) it shall be pleasing unto you, and not at all discontenting me.

Fair Love, quoth he, far be it from my heart to deny so kind a request, I am content to stay a month from thy sight, were it two or three, upon condition that thou wouldest then grant me thy good will: three months, although it be very long, yet will it come at last, and I could be content for that time to be dead for thy sake; insomuch, that my life might be renewed by thy Love.

Nay, (quoth Winifred) stay three months, and stay for ever; by this a Maid may see how ready Men are upon light occasions to take long days, whose Loves are like a Fern-bush, soon set on fire, and soon consumed; 'faith, Sir Hugh, I mean to try before I trust you.

Pardon me fair Winifred, said Sir Hugh, if my tongue doth outstrip my wit, in truth I speak but to please thee, though to displease my self: but I pray thee, let it not be three hours, or three quarters of an hour, if thou wilt.

Nay, nay, (quoth she) your first word shall stand, after three months come again, and then you shall know my mind to the full, and so good Sir Hugh be gone; but if I do ever hear from thee, or see thee betwixt this time and the time prefixt, I will for ever after blot out thy name out of my Book of Remembrance, and never yield thee that courtesie, which thou at this time so earnestly entreatest for.

Sir Hugh upon these words departed betwixt hope and dread, much like a man committing a trespass, that stays for the Sentence of Life or Death.

O unhappy man (quoth he) how hath my over-slippery tongue lengthned the time of my sorrow? she of her self most courteously requested of me but one month's stay, and I most

most willingly and indiscreetly added thereto eight weeks more of misery; much like the man, that having a knife given him to pare his nails, did therewith murther himself. Now I could wish that the Son had Eagles Wings, swiftly to flye through the fair Firmament, and finish six days in one days time. With that he began to count the days and hours that were in three months, falling (in a manner) to a despair with himself, when he found them so many in number: and therewithal melancholy and sadly he went to his Father's House, where his Brother Griffith found by his countenance the perfect Map of a pensive Lover: whereupon he said unto him.

Why, how now Brother? Hath fair Winifred's Beauty so greatly wounded you, as you cannot speak a merry word to your friend, but sit in a corner as if you were tongueless, like a stock? Tush Brother, Women are like shadows, for the more a Man follows them, the faster they run away, but let a man turn his course, and then they will presently follow him. What, Man, pluck up a good heart, for there are more Women now, then lived in the time of old Father Adam.

Oh, said Sir Hugh, were there ten thousand times more than there are now, what were that to me, if Winifred be unkind? yet is she the Oyl that still maintains the Lamp of my Light, and without her there is nothing comfortable to my sight.

Then (reply'd Griffith) you are as much troubled in Love as a Goat in an Ague, and as blind as a Flie in October, that will stand still while a man cuts off his head; Come, go a Hunting with me, that will drive away your over-fond Conceits, and you shall see these three Months will come upon you as a Quarter-day upon a poor man, that hath never a penny ready towards the payment of his Rent.

CHAP. II.

How Beautiful Winifred, being over-much superstitious, forsook her Fathers Wealth, and lived poorly by a Springing Fountain, from whence no men could get her to go; which Spring to this day is called Winifred's Well.

WInifred, who had but of late years, with her own Father, received the Christian Faith, became so Superstitious, that she thought the Wealth of the World for ever would have been a burthen for her Soul, and have drawn her mind from the love of her Maker; wherefore forsaking all manner of earthly Pomp, she lived a long

time very poorly, hard by the side of a most pleasant springing Well; from which place neither her Friends by entreaty, nor her Foes by violence could bring her: which Sir Hugh hearing, he went thither immediately after unto her, which was the time limited by them both, and finding her mind altogether altered, he wondred not a little what she meant. And approaching the place where she sate, suited in simple attire, he saluted her in these words.

All Health to fair Winifred; I trust my dear that now the Destinies have yielded a convenient opportunity for me, to finish my long begun Suit with the end of my former sorrows. Long and tedious hath the VVinter of my woes been, which with nipping care hath blasted the beauty of my youthful delight, which is like never again to flourish, except the bright Sun-shine of thy favour do renew the same: therefore fair Love remember thy promise made unto me, and put me no more off with pleasing delays.

She (which all this while sate solemnly reading in her Book) lent little ear unto his words; which he perceiving, pluckt her by the Arm, saying: VVherefore answereth not my fair Love, to her dearest perplexed Friend?

VVhat would you have (quoth she) can I never be at quiet for you? is there no corner of content in this VVorld to be found?

Yes Winifred (said he) content dwells here or no where; content me and I will content thee, if my content may be thy content. Then read this Book, and there rest content, said Winifred: and if thou refusest this, then think not to find content on earth.

Sir Hugh replyed: VVhat, is this all the reward I shall have for obeying your heart-cutting commands? have I thus long hoped, and find no better hap? you wot well that it is now three long months since these eyes took comfort of thy Beauty, and since that time my bleeding heart received joy in thy gentleness.

I have forgotten you quite, said she, VVhat three months is that you speak of? for my part I assure you, that it is as far out of my mind, as you are from the Mount of Calvary.

Fair Winifred (said he) have you forgotten me, and therewithal my Love, which I so effectually grounded upon your good liking? You told me that now I should receive an Answer to my content.

O Sir (quoth she) you have stayed over-long, and your words are in my hearing as unprofitable as Snow in Harvest; my Love is fled to Heaven, from whence no earthly Man can fetch it; and therefore build not on vain hope, nor do thou deceive thy self by following any unprofitable suit; if ever I love earthly man it shall be thee, insomuch as thou hast deserved an earthly Ladies Love; but my Love is setled for ever, both in this world and in the world to come, and this I most earnestly entreat thee to take for a final Answer.

With that Sir Hugh turning his head aside, wept most bitterly, and in going away he glanced his eye back again after his Love, saying to himself: O unconstant Women, wavering and uncertain, how many sorrows are fond men drawn unto by your wilely enticements? who are also swallowed up in the gaping gulph of care, while they listen after the heart-liking sound of your inchanting Voices. O VVinifred, full little did I think that so hard a heart could have been shrouded under so sweet and loving a countenance; but seeing that my good will is thus requited, I will altogether abhor the sight of Women, and I will seek the World throughout, but I will find some Blessed plot where no such corrupt kind of Cattle breed.

Hereupon

Hereupon all in a hot hasty humour, he made preparation to go beyond the Seas, suiting himself after the nature of a melancholy man, and arriving in France, he took his Journey towards Paris, which City (at that time) was well replenished with many goodly fair Women, as well as Britain, tho' to his thinking nothing so Lovely; but nevertheless what they wanted in Beauty they had in Bravery; which when Sir Hugh saw, he suddenly departed from that place, counting it the most pernicious place in the whole Country: and from thence he went into Italy, where he found such stately Dames and lovely Ladies, whom Nature had adorned with all perfection of outward Beauty; whose sight put him again in remembrance of his fair Love, which like fresh fewel, newly augmented the flames of his burning desire: Oh (said he) how unhappy am I to be haunted by these heart-tormenting Fiends, bewitching the eyes of simple men with Angel-like faces, and like inchanting Circes, bring them to a labyrinth of continual woes.

O Winifred, thy perverseness hath bred my dangers and done thy self no good at all: Thou sittest weeping by a Crystal Stream, where is no need of water, while I wander up and down, seeking to forget thee; thou never remembrest me, having drawn the Fountain of mine eyes dry, through thy discourteous disdain. Might I never see any of thy Sex, my heart would be more at quiet: but every place where I come, puts me in mind of thy perfections, and therewithal renews my pain: but I will from hence as soon as possible I can, tho' not so soon as I would, for fear lest these sweet Serpents should sting me with delight.

Hereupon he sailed on so far, that at length he came to a City situated in the Sea, and compassed with the wide Ocean. Here (quoth Sir Hugh) is a fit place for Melancholy Men, where it is supposed that no Women do live, insomuch that their delicate bodies cannot endure the salt savour of the mounting Waves, if it be so, there will I make my residence, counting it the most blessed place under Heaven: but he was no sooner set on the Land, but he beheld whole troops of lovely Ladies sailing up and down in most sumptuous attire, framing their gestures answerable to their comely beauties.

May, now I see (quoth Sir Hugh) that the whole world is infected with these deceiving Syrens, and therefore in vain it is for me to seek for that I shall never find; and therewithal sought for some house where he might hide himself from them. But by that time he was at Supper, comes a crew of Court-like Dames, richly attired, and with wanton Eyes and pleasant speech, they boldly sate down by him; and perceiving him to be a Stranger, they were not strange to allure him to their delight: wherefore while he sate at meat they yielded him such mirth as their best skill could afford, and stretched their nimble fingers, playing on their sweet sounding Instruments, they sung this ensuing Song, with such clear and quavering voices, as had been sufficient to allure the chast-hearted Xenocrates unto Folly, and still as they did sing, Sir Hugh answered in the last line, insomuch as it seemed to be a Dialogue between them: and in this manner following, the Women began their Song.

The Courtesan's Song of Venice.

Ladies. WElcome to Venice, gentle courteous Knight,
cast off all care, and entertain content,
If any here be gracious in thy sight,
do but request and she shall soon consent.
Love's wings are swift, then be not thou so slow,
Hugh. Oh that fair Winifred would once say so.

Ladies

Ladies. VVithin my Lap lay down thy comely Head,
and let me stroak those Golden Locks of thine,
Look on the tears that for thy sake I shed,
and be thou Lord of any thing that's mine:
One gentle look upon thy Love bestow.
Hugh. Oh that fair VVinifred would once say so.

Ladies, Embrace thy Joy, thy Lady in thy Arms,
and with all Pleasures pass to thy Delight:
If thou dost think the light will work our harms
come, come to Bed, and welcome all the night,
There shalt thou find what Lovers ought to know,
Hugh. Oh! that fair VVinifred would once say so.

Ladies. Give me those Pearls as Pledges of thy Love,
and with those Pearls the savour of thy Heart,
Do not from me thy sugared breath remove,
That double Comfort gives to every part:
Nay stay Sir Knight, from hence thou shalt not go,
Hugh. Oh that fair VVinifred would once say so.

When Sir Hugh had heard this Song, and therewithal noted their wanton gestures, he began to be suspicious of their proffers, and thinking in himself, that either they sought his Destruction, as the Syrens did Ulysses; or that they intended to make a prey of his Purse, as Lais did of her Lovers: therefore supposing some Abuse to lye lurking under the fair flower of their proffered pleasures, he determined the next morning after (with speed) to depart from the City. So when he had with good discretion avoided their company; while he lay tormented with restless thoughts on his still tossed Bed, began thus to meditate.

Now well I see my own Vanity, that is as ill pleased with VVomens favours as their frowns: how often have I with heart-sighing sorrow, complained of womens unkindness: making large invectives against their discourtesies? and yet here where I find VVomen as kind as they are fair, and courteous as they are comely; I run into a world of doubts, and I am so suspicious of their proffers; as I was earnest to win Winifreds favour. It may be (quoth he) that is the nature of this gentle soil to breed as Kind Creatures, as the Country of Britain breeds coy Dames.

Undoubtedly, had my Love first taken life in this kind and courteous Climate, she would have been as kind as they, if I may judge not of their gentleness, because I have always been turned to scornfulness, methinks they are too fair to be Harlots, and too bold to be honest: but as they have no cause to hate me that never hurt them, so have they little cause to love me, being a far stranger born; to them a Man altogether unknown, but it may be, that this time of the year is only unfortunate for Lovers; for it is certainly known unto all Men, that every season of the year breeds a sundry commodity: for Roses flourish in June, and Gilliflowers in August, neither of them both do so in the cold Winter. Such as seek for Fruit on sapless Trees in the Month of January, lose their labour as well as their longing: then why should I covet to gather Fruits of Love, when I see that Love

is

not yet ripe? now let me observe the Season that yields the sweetest comfort to love-sick persons, and so I may reap the joyful fruits of hearts-content; I will therefore return to my former Love, hoping now to find her as friendly, as at my departure she was froward: I will once again entreat her, and speak herexceeding fair, for with many drops the hardest Stone is pierced, so also with many importunate intreaties a flinty heart may be moved to remorse. I take no pleasure at all in any place, but only in her presence with which she continually graceth a running Stream: far be it from her mind to kiss her own shadow in the Crystal Spring, and to be in love with her own similitude, for so she might be spoiled as Narcissus was; for it is commonly seen, that sudden dangers follow fond Opinions.

So with these, and the like thoughts he drove out the night, till the Sun's bright Eye began to peep in at his Chamber Window, at which time dressing himself, he went to the Water-side, where he found a Ship ready to Transport Rich Merchandise to the Western Islands, in the which Sir Hugh became a Passenger. But when they were put off to Sea, there arose so sudden a Storm, and of a long continuance, that no man looked for life, but expected every moment present Death, so that the Mariners quite forsook the Tackle, and the Master the Helm, committing themselves to God, and their Ship to the Mercy of the swelling Seas, by whose furious Waves they were sometimes tossed up towards Heaven, anon thrown down to the deep of Hell: in which extremity Sir Hugh made this lamentation.

O unhappy Man! how eagerly doth Mischance pursue me at my heels, for betwixt my Love on the Land, and danger of Life on the Sea, it has made me the wretched'st Man breathing on Earth.

Here we may see that Miseries have power over Men, and not Men over Miseries: Now must I die far from my Friends, and be drenched in the deep, where my Body must feed the Fishes that swim in the rich bottom of the Sea: therefore fair Winifred, the chief ground of my griefs, here will I Sacrifice my last tears unto thee, and pour forth my complaints.

O how happy should I count my self, if those Fishes which shall live on my Bodies food might be meat for my Love! it grieveth me much to think that my poor bleeding heart, wherein thy Picture is engraven, should be rent in pieces in such grievous sort; but thrice accursed be that Fish that first fetteth his nimble teeth thereon, except he swim therewith unto my Love, and so deliver it as a Present or Token from me.

Had my troubled Stars allotted me to leave my life in the pleasant Valley of Sithnaunt, then no doubt my Love with her fair hands would have closed up my dying eyes, and perhaps would have rung a peal of sorrowful sighs for my sake.

By this time was the Weather-beaten Bark driven by the Shore of Sicily, where the men had safety of their lives, although with loss of their Ship, and spoil of their Goods, but they no sooner had shaken off their dropping wet Garments on the Shore, but that they were assaulted by a sort of Monstrous Men, that had but one Eye a-piece, and that placed in the midst of their Foreheads: with whom the Tempest-beaten Soldiers had a fierce fight, in which many of them were slain, and divers of them fled away to save themselves: so that in the end Sir Hugh was left alone to Fortune in a double fray, and having at last quite overcome his Adversaries, he went his way, and was so far entred into a dark Wilderness, that he could not devise with himself which way he should take, to get out, where-

where he was so cruelly affrighted, with the dreadful cry of fierce Lyons and Bears, and Wild Bulls, and so many thousands more of other dangerous and cruel ravenous Beasts which with greedy mouths ranged about for their prey, in which distress Sir Hugh got him up into a Tree, and being there, brake out into these Passions.

O Lord (quoth he) hast thou preserved me from the great peril and danger of the Sea, and delivered me out of the hands of Cruel Monstrous Men, and now sufferest thou me to be devoured of Wild Beasts? Alas! that my foul Sins should bring so many sundry Sorrows upon my Head, but for all this, may I thank unkind Winifred, whose disdain hath wrought my destruction. Wo was the time that ever I beheld her bewitching Beauty. But hereby we may see that the path is clear that leadeth to danger. But why blame I the blameless Lady? Alas! full little did she know of my desperate courses in Travel; but such is the Fury that haunts frantick Lovers, that never fear danger untill it fall and light upon their own Heads.

But by that time the day began to appear, he perceived a huge Elephant with stiff joynts walking towards him, and presently after came a fierce tongued Dragon, which suddenly assaulted this peaceful Elephant, in whose subtil encounter the wrathful Dragon, with his long wrinkled Tail, did so shackle the hinder feet of the Elephant together, that like a Prisoner fast fettered in Irons, he could not stir a foot for his life: to which time the furious Dragon never left him till he had thrust his slender head into the Elephants long hooked Sole, out of which he never drew it, untill by sucking the Elephant's blood, he had made him so feeble and so weak, that he could stand no longer upon his feet; at which time the fainting Elephant, with a grievous cry, fell down dead upon the Dragon; so with the fall of his weighty body, burst the Dragon in pieces, and so killed him; whereby their blood being mixed together, it stained all the ground where they both lay, changing the green grass into a rich Scarlet Colour. This strange sight betwixt these two Beasts, caused good Sir Hugh to judge that Nature had planted between them a deadly hatred, the fire whereof could not be quenched, but by shedding of both their hearts blood. Now when Sir Hugh saw that grim Death had ended their quarrel, and perceiving no danger near, he came down from the Tree, and sought to find out some inhabited Town; but being entangled in the Woods, like the Centaur in his Labyrinth, he could by no means get out, but wandred in unknown passages, leading him to many perils,

At last another Elephant met him, who (according to his kind Nature) never left him till he had conducted him out of all danger, and brought him out of the Wilderness, into the way again, whereby Sir Hugh at the length came in sight of a Port-Town, where in four days after he Embarked himself in a Ship bound for Britain, and at last obtained the sight of his Native Country, where he arrived in safety, tho' in a very poor sort, coming on Shore at a place called Harwich, where for want of Money he greatly lamented, and made much moan. But meeting with a merry Journey-man Shoe-maker dwelling in that Town, and some conference had together, they both agreed to Travel in the Country; where we will leave them, and speak of Winifred and of her great Calamities.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How Fair Winifred was Imprisoned and Condemned to Die for her Religion; and how Sir Hugh became a Shoe-maker, and afterwards came to Suffer Death with his Love; shewing also how the Shoe-makers Tools came to be called St. Hugh's Bones; and the Trade of Shoe-making the Gentle-Craft.

ANon, after the Doctrine of Christ was made known in Britain, and the Worship of Heathen Idols was forbidden, yet many Troubles did the Christians endure by the outragious Blind-zeal of divers Welsh Tyrants that by the way of Invasion set footing in this Land, as it fell out in the days of Diocletian, that such Bloody minded Persecutors such as would not yield to the Pagan Law, among which the Virgin Winifred was one, who for that she continued constant in the Faith, was long Imprisoned, during which time Sir Hugh wrought in a Shoe-makers Shop, having learned that Trade through the courteous directions of a kind Journey-man; where he remained the space of one whole year, in which time he had gotten himself good Apparel, and every thing comely and decent. Notwithstanding, though he were now contented to forget his Birth, yet could he not forget the Beauty of his Love: who although he had utterly forsaken her, yet could he not alter his Affections from her, because indeed, Affections alter not, like a pale-fac'd Coward. The wildest Bull (quoth he) is tamed, being tied to a Fig-tree; and the Coyest Dame (in time) may yield, like Wax. Though Roses have prickles, yet they are gathered; and though Women seem froward, yet they will shew themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any Wax so hard, but by often tempering is made apt to receive Impression. Admit she hath heretofore been Cruel, yet now may she be Courteous, A true-hearted Lover forgets all Trespasses, and a Smile cureth the Wound of a Frown. Thus after the manner of fond Lovers, he flattered himself in his Folly, and in praise of his Lady, sang this pleasant Ditty following,

THe Pride of Britain is my hearts delight,
My Lady lives my true Love to requite;
And in her Love I live, that else were dead,
Like withered Leaves in time of Winter shed.

She is the joy and comfort of my mind,
She is the Sun that clearest sight doth blind.

The fairest Flower that in the World doth grow,
Whose whiteness doth surpass the driven Snow.

Her gentle words more sweet than Honey are,
Her Eyes for clearness dim the brightest Star:
Oh! were her heart so kind as she is fair,
No Lady might with my true Love compare.

A thousand griefs for her I have sustain'd,
While her proud thoughts my humble Suit disdain'd;
And tho' she would my heart with torments kill,
Yet would I honour, serve, and love her still.

Blest be the place where she doth like to live,
Blest be the light that doth her comfort give;
And blessed be all Creatures far and near,
That yield Relief unto my Lady dear.

Never may sorrow enter where she is,
Never may she contented comfort miss,
Never may she my proffered Love forsake,
But my good will in thankful sort to take.

That feeding his Fancy with the sweet remembrance of her Beauty, being never satisfied with thinking and speaking to her praise, at length he resolved himself to go into Flintshire, where he might solicite his suit a new again; but coming near to the place of her residence, and hearing report of her troubles, he so highly commended her Faith and Constancy, that at length he was clapt up in Prison by her, and in the end was condemned to receive equal torment for a trial of his own truth.

But during the time they lay both in Prison, the Journey-men Shoemakers never left him, but yielded him great relief, so that he wanted nothing that was necessary for him; in requital of which Kindness, he called them Gentlemen of the Gentle-Craft; and a few days before his Death he made this Song in their Commendations.

Of Craft and Crafts-men more or less, the Gentle-Craft I must commend,
Whose Deeds declare their Faithfulness, and hearty Love unto their Friend.
The Gentle Craft in midst of strife,
Yields Comfort to a careful Life.

A Prince by Birth I am indeed, the which for Love forsook this Land,
And when I was in extream need, I took the Gentle-Craft in hand:
And by the Gentle-Craft alone,
Long time I liv'd, being still unknown.

Spending my days in sweet content, with many a pleasant sugared Song,
Sitting with pleasures complement, whilst we recorded Lovers wrong.
And while the Gentle-Craft we us'd
True Love by us was not abus'd.

Our Shooes we sow'd with merry notes, and by our mirth expell'd all moan,
Like Nightingales, from whose sweet throats, most pleasant Tunes are nightly blown:
The Gentle-Craft is fittest then,
For Poor distressed Gentlemen.

Their

Their minds do mount in courteſie, and they diſdain a Niggard's Feaſt,
Their Bodies are for Chivalry, all Cowardice they do deteſt:
For Sword and Shield, for Bow and Shaft,
No Man can ſtain the Gentle Craft.

Yea, ſundry Princes ſore diſtreſt, ſhall ſeek for ſuccour by this Trade,
Whereby their grief ſhall be redreſt, of Foes they ſhall not be afraid;
And many Men of Fame likewiſe,
Shall from this Gentle-Craft ariſe.

If we want Money over-night, e're next day noon God will it ſend,
Thus we may keep our ſelves upright, and be no Churls unto our Friend:
Thus do we live where pleaſure ſprings,
In our conceit like petty Kings.

Our Hearts with care we may not kill, Man's life ſurpaſſeth Worldly Wealth,
Content ſurpaſſeth Riches ſtill, and fie on Knaves that live by ſtealth:
This Trade therefore both great and ſmall,
The Gentle-Craft ſhall ever call.

When the Journey-men Shoe-makers had heard this Song, and the fair Title that Sir Hugh had given their Trade; they engraved the ſame ſo deeply in their minds, that to this day it could never be razed out: like a Remembrance in a Marble ſtone, which continueth time out of mind.

But not long after, came the doleful day wherein theſe two Lovers muſt loſe their Lives, who like two meek Lambs were led to the Slaughter; the bloody performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair Fountain, where the Love-deſpiſing Lady made her moſt abode: and becauſe ſhe was a Kings Daughter, the bloody Tyrant gave her the Privilege to chuſe her own Death: to the which ſhe paſſed with as good a countenance, as if ſhe had been a fair young Bride prepared for Marriage.

(Viz.) When they were come to the place of Execution, and mounted on the Scaffold, they ſeemed for Beauty like two bright Stars, Caſtor and Pollux; there they embraced each other with ſuch chaſte deuce, as all thoſe that beheld them, admired to ſee how ſtedfaſt and firm theſe Lovers were, ready in hearts and minds for Heaven it ſelf.

At what time the Lady turned her ſelf to Sir Hugh, and ſpake to this effect: Now I find thee a perfect Lover indeed, that having ſetled thy affections above the ſkies, art ready to yield thy Life for thy Love, who in requital thereof will give thee Life for ever.

The Love of Earthly Creatures is mixed with many miſeries, and interlaced with ſundry ſorrows; and here grief ſhall abate the pleaſures of Love, but be well aſſured that you ſhall follow the ſame.

Thou didſt wooe me for Love, and now I have won thee to Love, where reſting both our ſelves upon God's Love, we will love one another; and in token of that Heavenly Love, receive of me, I pray thee, a chaſte and loving Kiſs from my dying Lips.

Fair Winifred (quoth he) it is true indeed, I never loved truly till thou taughteſt me to love, for then my love was full of diſcontent, but now altogether pleaſing, and more ſweet to the thought thereof, than any one can expreſs.

The thing that I before ever called Love, was but a ſhadow of Love; a ſweetneſs tempered with Gall, a dying Life, and a living Death; where the heart was continually toſt upon the Seas of Tempeſtuous Sorrows, and wherein the mind had no calm quietneſs;

and therefore blessed be the time that I ever learned this Love. With that he was interrupted by the Tyrant, who said, You are not come hither to talk, but to dye; I have sworn you shall both die this Instant. Thou Tyrant, (said Sir Hugh) the very like Sentence is pronounced against thy self; for Nature hath doomed that thou shalt die likewise, and albeit the Execution thereof be somewhat deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did Tyrant carry gray Hairs to the Grave.

The young Lady desired first to dye, saying to Sir Hugh, Come dear Friend, and learn magnanimity of a Maid; now shalt thou see a silly Woman scorn Death at his Teeth; and make as small account of his Cruelty, as the Tyrant doth our Lives; and therewithal stript up her silken sleeves, and committed her Alabaster Arms into the Executioner's foul hands, having made her choice to die bleeding; at what time being pricked in every vein, the blood sprang out in plenteful sort, like a Fountain full'd with Claret-Wine.

And while she thus bled, she said, Here do I Sacrifice my Blood to him that bought me, who by his Blood washt away all my Sins; O sweet Saviour, thus were thy Sides piereed for my Transgressions, and in this sort sprang thy precious Blood from thee, all for the love thou beareſt to Mankind: I feel my heart to faint, but my soul receiveth strength; I come sweet Jesus, I come. And therewithal her Body fainting and the Blood falling, like a Conduit drawn dry, the young Princess fell down dead, at what time a pale colour overspread her fair face in such comely sort, as if a bean of Roses had been shadowed with a sheet of pure Lawn.

But it is to be remembred all the while the young Princess bled, her Blood was received into several Basons, which being in that sort saved together, the Tyrant caused it to be tempered with Wayne, and prepared it to be the last drink that Sir Hugh should have: saying, That by her Blood whom he so dearly loved, he should receive his Death. And thereupon incontinently, without any further delay of time, he caused a Cup of the most deadly poysoned Blood to be delivered into his hands, who with a lovely and cheerful Countenance received the same, and then uttered his mind in this manner.

O thou cruel Tyrant (quoth he) what a poor spite is this to inflict upon a dying Man, that is as careless how he dyes, as when he dyes: easie it is for thee to glut me with Blood, altho' with Blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet blood (quoth he) precious and pure, how fair a colour dost thou cast before mine eyes! sweet, I say, wast thou before such time as this ill-savouring poyson did infect thee; and yet as thou art, I nothing despise thee: O my dear Winifred, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy dear Hearts-blood.

My greedy Eye that Glutton-like did feed upon thy Beauty, and yet, like the Sea, was never satisfied, is now with gore-blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty desire with Love, that like hot burning Coals set my heart in such extream heat, that it could not be quenched before this time; for if fair Winifred could spare any Love from Heaven, assuredly she left it in her Blood, her sweet heart-blood I mean, that nourished her Chast Life: see here is a Caudle to cool my vain Affections; far be it that any true Lovers should ever taste the like.

But this punishment hath the just Heavens poured upon me for the preferring the Love of an Earthly Creature before the Love of an Heavenly Creator; Pardon O Lord, the foul sins of superstitious Lovers, that while they make Idols of their Ladies, they forget the Honour of thy Divine Majesty. Yet doth it doe me good to think that I must bury sweet Winifred's Blood in my Body, whose Love was lodged long ago in my Heart: and therewithal

withal drinking the first draught, he said: O Lord me seemeth this Potion hath a comfortable taste, far doth it surpass the Nectar wherewith the Gods were nourished.

VVell (said the Tyrant) seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more; and therewithal another Cup of the same blood was given him to drink.

Yea, come (quoth he) my thirst is not yet quenched, for the first draught gave me but a taste of sweetness, like a longing woman I desire the rest; and with that he drank the second draught. The third being given him, he took the Cup in his hand, and loking about, he said; Lo here I drink to all the Yeomen of the Gentle Craft.

I drink to you all, (quoth he) but I cannot spare you one drop to pledge me. Had I any good thing to give you, you should soon receive it; but my life the Tyrant doth take, and my flesh is bequeathed to the Fowls. So that nothing is left but only my Bones to pleasure you withal, and those if they will do you any good, take them; and so I humbly take my leave, bidding you all Farewel.

There with the last Draught he finished his Life; whose dead Carkass was hanged up, where the Fowls devoured his Flesh; and the young Princes was contemptuously buried by the Well, where she had so long lived. Then had he the Title of St. Hugh given him, and the of St. VVinifred; by which terms they are both so called to this day.

CHAP. IV.

How the Shoe-makers stole away St. Hugh's Bones, and made them working Tools thereof, and the vertue they found in the same: whereby it came that when any Man saw a Shoe-maker travelling with a Pack at his back, they would presently say, There goes St. Hugh's-Bones.

UPon a time it chanced that a company of Journey-men Shoe-makers called along by the place where St. Hugh's dead body was hang'd, and finding the flesh pickt clean off from the bones, they entred thus into communication amongst themselves.

Never was S. Hugh so bare (quoth one) to carry never a bit of skin upon his bones nor thou never so bare (saith another) to bear never a penny in thy Purse.

But now hearing you talk of St. Hugh, it brings me to a remembrance of his Legacy that he gave us at his death: What was that, said the rest? Marry (quoth he) I will tell you: when the gentle Prince saw that the Cruelty of the Tyrant would not suffer him to be liberal to his Friends, but that his Life was taken away by one, and his Flesh given to others, he most kindly bequeathed his Bones to us.

Then

Tush (quoth another) that was but to shew his mind towards the Shooe-makers because he had received of them so many favours; for alas! what can the dead man's bones pleasure the living? No! (quoth another) I can tell you, there may be as great vertue found in his bones as in the brains of a Weasel, or the tongue of a Frog: Much alike (answered the rest) but I pray shew us what vertue there is in those things you speak of. Quoth he, I will tell you; the brains of a Weasel hath this power, experientia docet, that if the powder thereof be mixed with Runnet, wherewith Women make their Cheese, no Mouse will touch it: in like manner the tongue of a Water-Frog hath such great force, that if it be laid upon the Breast of any one sleeping, it will cause them to tell whatever you demand; for by that means Dick Piper knew he was a Cuckold. Again, I know those that are Travellers, are not ignorant that whoever puts but six leaves of Mugwort in his shooes, shall never be weary though he Travel thirty or forty miles in a forenoon. That may be true, quoth one, for by the very same Herb my last Dame kept her Ale from sowring; and it is said, that where Houseleek is planted, the place shall never be hurt with Thunder: Pimpernel is good against Witchcraft: and because my sister Joan carried always some about her, Mother Bumby could not abide her: therefore what vertue a dead man's bones may have, we know not till we have tried them.

Why then, said the third man, let us soon at night steal S. Hugh's bones away, and albeit the Tyrant will be displeased, yet it is no Theft; for you say, they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them, and because we will turn them to profit and avoid suspition, we will make divers of our Tools with them, and then if any virtue doth follow them, the better we shall find it.

To this motion every one gave his consent, so that same night St. Hugh's Bones were taken down, and being brought before a sort of Shooe-makers, there they gave their opinion, that it was necessary to fulfill the Will of the Dead, and to take those bones in good part, as if they were worth ten thousand pounds; whereupon one stept out and thus did say:

MY Friends I pray you listen to me,
And mark what St. Hugh's Bones shall be.
First a Drawer and a Dresser,
Two Wedges, a more and a lesser:
A pretty Block three Inches high,
In fashion squared like a dye,
Which shall be call'd by proper name,
A heel-block, the very same:
A Hand-leather and Thumb-leather likewise,
To pull out Shooe-thread we must devise;
The Needle and the Thimble shall not be left alone,
The Pincers, the Pricking-Awle, and Rubbing-stone;
The Awl, Steel, and Tacks, the sowing Hairs beside,
The Stirrop, holding fast, while we sow the Cow-hide.
The Whet-stone, the Stopping-stick, and the Paring-knife.
All this doth belong to a Journey-mans life:
Our Apron is the Shrine to wrap these bones in,
Thus shroud we St. Hugh's bones in a gentle Lamb's-skin.

Now you good Yeomen of the Gentle-Craft, tell me (quoth he) how like you this.

As well (replyed they) as St. George doth of his Horse; for as long as we can see him fight with the Dragon, we will never part with this Poesie.

And

And it ſhall be concluded, that what Journey-man ſoever he be hereafter, that cannot handle his Sword and Buckler, his long Sword or Quarter-Staff, ſound the Trumpet, or play upon the Flute, or bear his part in a three-man's Song, and readily reckon up his Tools in Rhime (except he have born Colours in the Field, being a Lieutenant, a Serjeant, or Corporal) ſhall forfeit and pay a Bottle of Wine, or be counted for a Colt; to which they anſwered all, Viva voce, Content, content: and then after many merry Songs, they departed. And never after did they Travel without theſe Tools on their Backs: which ever ſince have been called St. Hugh's Bones.

CHAP. V.

How Criſpianus and his Brother Criſpine, the two Sons of the King of Logria (thro' the Cruelty of the Tyrant Maximinus) were fain in diſguiſed manner to ſeek their Lives ſafety, and how they were entertained by a Shoe-maker in Feversham.

When the Roman Maximinus ſought in cruel ſort to bereave this Land of all her Noble Youth, or Youth of Noble Blood; the Vertuous Queen of Logria (which now is called Kent) dwelling in the City Durovenum, alias, Canterbury, or the Court of Kentiſh-Men, having at that time two young Sons, ſought all the means ſhe could to keep them out of the Tyrant's Claw: and in this manner ſhe ſpake unto them.

My dear and beloved Sons, the Joy and Comfort of my Age, you ſee the dangers of theſe times, and the Storms of a Tyrant's Reign: who having now gathered together the moſt part of the young Nobility, to make them Slaves in a Foreign Land, that are Free-born in their own Country, ſeeking for you alſo, thereby to make a clear riddance of all our born Princes, to the end he might plant Strangers in their ſtead: Therefore (my ſweet Sons) take the Counſel of your Mother, and ſeek in time to prevent enſuing danger, which will come upon us as ſuddenly as a Storm at Sea, and as cruel as a Tyger in the Foreſt, therefore ſuiting your ſelves in honeſt habits, ſeek ſome Service to ſhield you from Miſchance, ſeeing neceſſity hath priviledged theſe places from Tyranny. And ſo (my Sons) the Heavens may raiſe you to your deſerved Dignity and Honour.

The young Lads ſeeing their Mother was ſo earneſt to have them gone, fulfilled her Commands; and taking off their attire, put homely Garments on, and with many bitter tears took leave of their Mother, deſiring her to beſtow her Bleſſing on them.

O my Sons (quoth ſhe) ſtand not now upon your Ceremonies, had I leiſure to give you one kiſs it were ſomething, the Lord bleſs you, get you gone, away, away, make

pushed them out at a back door, and then sets her self down to weep.

The two young Princes, which like pretty Lambs were straying they knew not whither, at length by good Fortune came to Feversham, where before the day-peep they heard certain Shoe-makers singing, being as pleasant at their Notes, as they sate at their business: and this was their Song.

WOuld God that it were Holiday,
hey derry down, down derry.
That with my love I might go play,
with Woe my heart is weary;
My whole delight is in her sight,
would God I had her company,
her company.
Hey derry down, down a down.

My Love is fine, my Love is fair,
hey derry down, down derry,
No Maid can well with her compare,
in Kent or Canterbury:
From me my Love shall never move,
would God I had her company, &c.

To see her laugh, to see her smile,
hey derry down, down derry;
Doth all my sorrows clean beguile,
and makes my heart full merry:
No grief doth grow, where she doth go,
would God I had her company, &c.

When I do meet her on the Green,
hey derry down, down derry,
Methinks she looks like Beauties Queen,
which makes my heart full merry:
Then I her greet, with Kisses sweet,
would God I had her company, &c.

My Love comes not of churlish kind,
hey derry down, down derry;
But bears a loving courteous mind,
which makes my heart full merry;
She is not coy, she is my joy,
would God I had her company, &c.

Till Sunday come, farewell my Dear,
hey derry down, down derry;
When we do meet we'll have good chear,
and then I will be merry:
If thou love me, I will love thee,
and still delight in thy Company,
thy company,
Hey derry down, down a down.

The young Princes perceiving such mirth to remain in so homely a Cottage, judged by their pleasant Notes, that they were not cloyed with much cares: and therefore wished it might be their good hap to be harboured in a place of such great content.

But standing a long time in doubt what to do, like two distressed Strangers, combating betwixt hope and fear, at length taking courage, Crispianus knocked at the door: What Knabe knocks there (quoth one of the Journey-men) and by and by takes his Quarter-staff, and opens the door, being as ready to strike as speak: saying, What lack you? To whom Crispianus made this Answer: Good Sir, pardon our boldness, and measure not our Truth by our Rudeness, we are two poor Boys that want a Service, stript from our Friends by the Fury of these Wars, and therefore are we enforced succourless to crave Service in any place: What, have you no friends or acquaintance in these parts to go to (said the Shoe-maker) by whose means you might get preferment? alas! Sir, said (Crispianus) necessity is despised of every one, and misery is trodden down of many, but seldom or never reliev'd; yet notwithstanding, if our hope did not yield us some comfort of good hap, we should grow desperate through distress. That were great pity (said the Shoe-maker) be content, for as our Dame tells our Master, a patient Man is better than a strong Man: stay, and I will call our Dame and then you shall hear what she will say. With that he went in, and forth came his Dame, who beholding the Youths, said: Now alas' poor Boys, how comes it to pass that you are out of Service? what would you be Shoe-makers and learn the Gentle-Craft? Yes forsooth (said they) with all our

Heart. Now by my troth (quoth ſhe) you do look with honeſt true faces, I will entreat my Husband for you, for we would gladly have good Boys; and if you would be juſt and true, and ſerve God, no doubt but you may do well enough; come in my Lads, come in. Criſpianus and his Brother with great Reverence gave her thanks; and by that time they had ſtayed a little while, down came the Good man, and his Wife hard by his heels, ſaying: Husband, theſe be the Youths I told you of, no doubt but in time they will be good Men.

Her Husband loking very wiſhfully upon them, and conceiving a good opinion of their favours, at length agreed that they ſhould dwell with him, ſo that they would be bound for ſeven years. The Youths being contented, the Bargain was ſoon ended, and ſo ſet to their buſineſs; whereat they were no ſooner ſetled, but that great ſearch was made for them in all places; and albeit the Officers came to the Houſe where they dwelt, by reaſon of their diſguiſe, they knew them not, having alſo taken upon them borrowed names of Criſpianus and Criſpine. Within a few days the Queen their Mother was by the Tyrant taken, and for that ſhe would not confeſs where her Sons were, ſhe was laid in Priſon in Colcheſter Caſtle, whereunto ſhe went with as chearful a Countenance, as Caterarus did, when he was led Captive to Rome: coming by the place where her Sons ſate at work, with a quick eye ſhe had ſoon eſpied them: and look how a dying Coal revives in the wind, even ſo at this ſight ſhe became ſuddenly red; but making ſigns that they ſhould hold their tongues, ſhe was led along: whom ſeven years after her Sons did never ſee. But as Men ſtand amazed at the ſight of Apparitions in the Air, as ignorant of what ſucceſs ſhall follow, even ſo were theſe two Princes aghaſt to ſee their own Mother thus led away, not knowing what danger ſhould enſue thereof.

Notwithſtanding they thought good to keep their Service, as their lives ſureſt refuge: at what time they both bent their whole minds to pleaſe their Maſter and Dame, refuſing nothing that was put them to do; were it to waſh Diſhes, ſcour Kettles, or any other thing whereby they thought their Dames favour might be gotten, which made her the readier to give them a good Report to their Maſter, and to do them any other Service, which otherwiſe they ſhould have miſſed; following therein the admonition of an old Journeyman, who would always ſay to the Apprentices:

Howſoever things do frame,
Pleaſe well thy Maſter, but chiefly thy Dame.

Now by that time theſe two young Princes had truly ſerved their Maſter the ſpace of four or five years, he was grown ſomewhat wealthy, and they very cunning in their Trade, whereby the houſe had the name to breed the beſt workmen in the Country, which report in the end, preferred their Maſter to be the Emperor's Shoe-maker: and by this means his Servants went to Maximinus's Court every day, but Criſpianus and Criſpine fearing they ſhould be known, kept themſelves from thence as much as they could: Notwithſtanding at the laſt, perſwading themſelves that time had worn them out of knowledge, they were willing in the end to go thither, as well to hear tydings of the Queen their Mother, as alſo to ſeek their own Preferment.

CHAP. VI.

How the Emperor's fair Daughter Urſula fell in Love with Criſpine, coming with Shoes to the Court, and how in the end they were ſecretly Married by a blind Fryer.

NOw among all the Shoe-makers Men that came to the Court with Shoes, young Criſpine was had in greateſt eſteem with the fair Princeſs, whoſe Mother being

lately dead, she was the only joy of her Father; who always sought means to match her with some worthy Roman, whose Renown might ring throughout the whole World.

But fair Ursula, whose bright Eyes had entangled her Heart with desire of the Shoemakers favour, despised all proffers of Love, in regard of him. And yet notwithstanding she would oft check her Opinion, in placing her Love upon a person of such low Degree: thus reasoning with her self.

Most aptly is the God of Love by cunning Painters drawn Blind, that so unequally shoots forth his fiery shafts; for had he Eyes to see, it were impossible to deal in such sort as in matching Venus with foul Vulcan, yoaking the Imperial hearts of Kings to the love of Beggars, as he did to Cofetua, and as now in my self: I find how mad a thing it would seem to the Eyes of the World, that an Emperor's Daughter should delight in the favour of a simple Shoe-maker.

O Ursula, take heed what thou dost, stain not thy Royalty with such Indignity. O that Crispine's Birth were agreeable to his Person! for in mine Eye there is no Prince in the World comparable to him: If then while he is cloathed with these Rags of Servitude, he appears so excellent, what would he be were he in Princely Attire? O Crispine! either thou art not as thou seemest, or else Nature, in disgrace of Kings, hath made thee a Shoe-maker.

In these humours would the Princess be often, especially at Crispine's approach, or at his departure. For as soon as ever he came within her sight with Shoes, a sudden blush, like a flash of lightning, would strike in her Face, and at his departure an earthly pale colour, like the beams of the bright Sun, obscured by coal black Clouds. But after many weary conflicts with Fancy, she fully resolved at his next coming, to enter into Communication with him; but imagining his stay from the Court over-long, on a sudden she sent presently for him, finding great fault with the last Shoes he brought her; at which time Crispine most humbly on his Knee craved pardon for all such faults as she then found, promising amendment in the next Shoes she would have.

Nay (quoth she) I'll shew thee they are too low something in the Instep; also the heel is bad, and beside they are two strait in the Toes. You shall have a pair made shall fit you better, for none shall set a stitch in them but my self: Do (said the Princess) but let me have them as soon as thou canst. And therewithal Crispine departed.

The

The Princeſs all ſolitary in her Chamber, entred into conſideration, and found within her ſelf great trouble and ſorrow, while the Tongue (the Hearts Advocate) was not ſuffered to ſpeak. At laſt ſhe heard Criſpin's voice, enquiring of the Ladies for the Princeſs; who anſwered, That having taken little reſt the night before, ſhe was laid down to ſleep, and therefore they willed him to come again ſome other time: Aſleep (ſaid the Princeſs) I am not aſleep, bid him ſtay: what haſty Houſewife was that which ſent him hence? call him again quickly I would adviſe you. And therefore changing Melancholy into Mirth, ſhe aroſe up out of her Bed, and as a bright Star ſhooting in the Element, ſhe quickly got forth to meet the Shoemaker whoſe fair ſight was to her as great a comfort as a Sunſhine after a ſhower of Rain. How now (quoth ſhe) haſt thou brought me a pair of ſhoes? I have, gracious Madam (quoth he.) Then come thy ſelf and draw them on. Then ſitting down, ſhe lifted up her well-proportioned Leg upon his Gentle Knee; where by that time her Shoes were drawn on, ſhe had prepared a good reward for her Shoemaker: and giving him a handful of Gold, ſhe ſaid, Thou haſt ſo well pleaſed me in making theſe Shoes, that I cannot but reward thee in ſome good ſort; therefore Shoemaker take this, and from henceforth let no man make my Shoes but thy ſelf. But tell me, Criſpine, art thou not in love, that thou doſt ſmug up thy ſelf ſo finely? thou waſt not wont to go ſo neatly; I pray thee tell me what pretty Wench it is that is Miſtriſs of thy Heart? Truly Madam, if I ſhould not love, I might be accounted barbarous; for by Natures courſe, there is a mutual love in all things, the Dove and the Peacock love entirely; ſo doth the Turtle and the Popinjay; the like Affection the Fiſh Muſculus beareth to the Whale, inſomuch that he leadeth him from all danger of ſtony Rocks. And as amongſt Birds and Fiſhes, ſo amongſt Plants and Trees, the like concord is to be found: for if the Male of Palm-Trees be planted from the Female, neither of both proſper; and being ſet one near another, they flouriſh accordingly, imbracing with Joy the branches of one another. And for mine own part, I am in love too: for firſt of all I love my Maker, and next my good Maſter and Dame; but as concerning the love of pretty Wenches, verily Madam I am clear, and the rather do I abſtain from fixing my fancy on Women, ſeeing ſo many Sorrows follow the Married ſort; for a Dram of delight hath a Pound of pain.

That is (ſaid the Princeſs) where contention ſetteth the Houſe on Fire, but where true love remains, there is no diſcontent; and what can a man more deſire for this worlds comfort, but a virtuous Wife, which is a Treaſure ineſtimable. Then Criſpine, if I preſer thee to a Wife, every way deſerving of thy love, wouldſt thou take it well?

Truly Madam (ſaid Criſpine) if I ſhould not accept of your good will, I ſhould ſhew my ſelf more unmannerly than well-natured. But ſeeing it pleaſeth you to grace me with your princely countenance, and to give me liberty to ſpeak my mind, this is my Opinion: if I were to chuſe a Wife, then would I have one fair, rich and wiſe: Firſt to delight mine Eye; ſecondly, to ſupply my wants; and thirdly, to govern my Houſe.

Then (ſaid the Princeſs) her beauty will I refer unto the Judgment of thine own Eyes; and her wiſdom to the tryal of time; but as for her Portion, I dare make ſome report, for it well deſerveth to be praiſed; and at her Marriage thou ſhalt have a bag of rare vertues with her. Truly Madam (quoth Criſpine) ſuch Coyn go not Current among Tanners; and I know if I ſhould go with her to Market, it would buy me no Sole-Leather. Notwithſtanding when I do ſee her, I will tell you more of my mind.

The Princeſs taking him aſide, privately walking with him in a fair Gallery, ſaid; In looking upon me thou mayſt judge of her, for ſhe is as like me as may be. Then

Crispine heard her say so, he prudently answered, I had rather Madam, she were your own self, than like your self: and although my words savour of presumption, yet with your favour I dare boldly pronounce it, that I hold my self worthy of a Queen, if I could get her good will; and were it no danger to match with your Excellency, so it should please you, it should not dislike me.

Then said the Princess, Now Shoemaker, I see thou hast some courage in thee; and doubt thou not, but if I were of that mind, I would be as ready to guide thee from the Rocks of my Father's wrath, as the Fish called Musculus is for the Whale. But could thou be contented to die for a Lady's love? No, Madam (quoth he) if I could keep her Love and live.

Then live fair Friend, (answered she) enjoy my love, for I will rather die than live without thee. Crispine hearing this, was stricken into an extasie of joy in such sort as he knew not whether he was asleep or dreamed: But by that time he had summoned his wits together, with the plighting of his Faith, he opened his Estate and high Birth unto her, shewing all the extremities he and his Brother had been put to, since the death of their Royal Father, and of the Imprisonment of the Queen their Mother.

The which when fair Ursula with great wonder heard, giving an earnest of her Love with a sweet Kiss, she said, My dear Love, and most gentle Prince, ever did I think, that more than a common Man was shrouded in these poor Habiliments, which made me the bolder to impart my mind unto thee; and now dread no more my Father's wrath, for the fire thereof was long ago quenched.

No, no, (quoth Crispine) an Eagles thirst is never expelled by blood. And albeit your Father hath now (perhaps) qualified the heat of his Fury by the length of time, yet if he should understand of this my Love to thee, it would cause him to take out of the Ashes hot burning Coals of Displeasure again, and then might my life pay a dear price for thy Love.

Therefore (my dear Ursula) I desire thee, even by the power of that love thou beareſt to me, to keep secret what I have shewed to thee, nothing doubting but that in time I may find release of these miseries; in the mean space we will be secretly Married, by which Knot we (as well in Body as in Heart) may be unseparably tyed together.

To this, Ursula consented most gladly; and thereupon told him that she would meet him in her Fathers Park at any hour he would appoint. Which she might do the more easily, in respect she had a Key to one of the Garden Doors, which gave present passage into the Park. The day and hour being concluded upon, they parted for this time, both of them endued with such content, as in all their lives they never found the like.

And at this time there was in Canterbury a blind Fryar, that in many years had never seen the Sun, to this man did Crispine go, thinking him the fittest Chaplain to chop up such a Marriage, who meeting with him at Christ-Church one evening after the Anthem, spake to him after this manner.

God speed you good Father: there is a certain Friend of mine that would be secretly Married in the morning betimes; for which purpose he thinks you the fittest Man to perform it, in all the Cloyster; and therefore if you will be diligent to do it, and secret to conceal it, you shall have four Angels for your pains.

The Fryar being fired with the desire of his Gold, rubbing his Elbow and scratching his Crown, swore by the blessed Book that hung by his Knee, that he would be both willing and constant to keep it secret. Tush young Man, you may trust me, I have done

many

many of these Feats in my days; I know that youth are youth, but they would not have all the world wonder at their doings. And where shall it be, said the Fryar? Quoth Crispine, at St. Gregory's Chapel: and because you shall not make your boy acquainted therewith, I my self will call you in the morning. Good Father be not forgetful to observe the time, at two a Clock is the hour, and therefore look you be ready when I call you. I warrant you (replied the Fryar;) and because I will not oversleep my self, I will for this night lie in my cloaths; so that as soon as ever you call, I will streight be ready. Then Father I will trust to you (quoth Crispine:) and so departed.

When he came to his Master he made not many words, but as soon as he had supt on Sunday at night, he went to his Chamber, and laid him down upon his bed, making no creature in the house privy to his intent, not his own Brother; his mind still running on his fair Mistris, and the happy hour that will tye them both in one: never was there hunger-starved man that did long more for the sweet approach of wholsome food, than did Crispine for two a Clock. And so soon as the silent night had drawn all things to rest, Crispine got him up, and to Canterbury goes he to meet his Rose-cheek'd Lady in her Father's Park, who also took time by the forelock, and like clear Cynthia, shaped her course to seek out Sol in the Meridian: But so soon as her searching eye had espyed him, she commended his vigilancy, saying: He well observed his hour: O my dear (quoth he) rich Pearls do make true men Thieves: But finding thee here so happily, I will fetch the Fryar streight. He had no sooner called at the Fryar's door, but he presently heard him, and groping the way down, he opened the door, and along they went together: but the Fryar finding his journey longer than he expected, said; that either St. Gregory's Chapel was removed, or else he was not so good a Footman as he was wont to be: That is likely enough (said Crispine) for how much the older you are since you went this way last, so much the weaker you are to travel; but be you content now, we are at the last come to the place, and therefore good Fryar make what speed you may: I warrant you (quoth he) and therewithal he puts his Spectacles upon his Nose. The fair Princess seeing that, laughed heartily, saying, Little need hath a blind Man of a pair of Spectacles. Truly Mistris, (said he) as little need hath an old Man of a young Wife; but you may see what use is: Though I be blind and cannot see a Letter, yet I cannot say Mass without my Book and Spectacles. And then he proceeded to solemnize their Marriage; which being finished, the Fryar had his Gold, and home he was led: In the mean time the Princess staid still in the Park for her Bridegroom; where when he came, on a bank of sweet Primroses he pickt the Rose of amorous Delight: and after the Princess came to her Father's Palace, and Crispine to his Master's Shop.

CHAP. VII.

How Crispianus was Prest to the Wars, and how he fought with Ipheretis the renowned General of the Persians, who made War upon the French Men: shewing also the occasion, that a Shoemakers son is said to be a Prince born.

IN the mean time that Crispine was secretly hulled about his Marriage, his Brother Crispianus the same night with many others, was Prest to Wars into the Country of Gauls, now called France; which made his Master and Dame full of woe, who had committed to his Government the whole rule of his House; and when Crispine came home, they told him what chance had happened, and demanded where he had been: they said they were glad he had so well escaped.

Crispin-

Crispine, extuling himself as well as he could, said: He was sorry for his Brother's sudden departure. Notwithstanding the joy of his late Marriage mitigated much of his sorrow: to whom in his Brother's absence, his Master gave the oversight of his Household; which place he guided with such discretion, as thereby he got both the good will of his Master, and the love of the Household: and as he sate one day at his work, he sung this Song in Commendation of his Marriage; himself singing the Ditty, and his fellows bore the Burthen.

AMongst the joys on Earth, tho' little joy there be,
hey down down a down, fine is the silken twist;
Among the Married sort much comfort I do see,
hey down down a down, believe it they that list:
He that is a married Man hath Beauty to imbrace,
hey down down a down, and therefore muckle woe;
He liveth in delight, and is in happy case:
hey down down a down, in faith we think not so.

His Wife doth dress his meat, with every thing most meet,
hey down down a down, fair women love good cheer;
And when he comes to Bed, she gives him Kisses sweet,
hey down down a down, for thanks he pays full dear.
A hundred honey sweets he hath when that is done,
hey down down a down, the truth is seldom known:
He hath in little time a Daughter or a Son,
hey down down a down, God grant it be their own.
A Wife is evermore both faithful true and just,
hey down down a down, 'tis more than you do know:
Her Husband may be sure in her to put his trust;
hey down down a down, most are deceived so.

While

While he doth ride abroad, she looks unto his House,
hey down down a down, the finest Cloath is torn;
And when that he comes home she gives him Brawn and Sowse,
hey down down a down, and oftentimes the Horn.

How now, what is that you say (quoth Crispine?) Nothing (quoth they) but only bear the burthen of your Song: and surely we think it great pity that you are not Married, seeing you can sing so well in the praise of Marriage: Truly (quoth he) were it not for that holy Institution, what would the World be, but a brood of hapless Bastards: like to the cursed seed of Cain, Men fit for all manner of Villany, and such as would leave behind them a Race of Runagate persons, that would live as badly as they are lewdly begotten.

The rest of the Journey-men hearing him enter into such deep discourse in the matter, began therefore to demand many Questions; but seeing it appertained not to our matter, we will leave them to their Disputation, and in the mean space I will shew you something of Crispianus, who is now in France with many Noble Britains, whom Maximinus sent thither to aid the Gauls against the mighty Force of Iphicrates, the Persian General, that at this time Invaded their Country with a mighty Power. The day of Battel being appointed, the Armies met in the Field, at which time both the Generals (like two Lions filled with Wrath) in their proud March viewed one another, breathing forth on both sides words of disdain, and thus the General of the Gauls began.

Thou insulting Commander of the Eastern Troops, how durst thou set thy ambitious foot within our Territories? cannot the Confines of Persia content thee, nor those Conquered Kingdoms already in thy Hand, but with unsatiable desire thou must come to Usurp our Right? Know thou, that the undaunted Gauls do scorn thee; for albeit thou Alexander-like, thou seekest to subdue the whole World, flattering thy self in thy Fortune; yet never think that the Son of a Shoemaker shall bend our Neck to a Servile Yoak. Therefore in our just right we are come to give thee hire for thy Pride; and by the force of our Swords to beat down the Scepter of thy proud thoughts.

The Renowned Iphicratis upon these words made this Reply, Now may I report that the Gauls can do something, finding them so good Scolds: but know this, that I come not to Rail, but to Revenge these Contemptuous Speeches, and with the point of our sturdy Launces to thrust them down your throats again: indeed my Father's Trade is a Reproach to me, but thou art a Reproach to thy Father; but thou shalt understand that A Shoemakers Son is a Prince born; his Fortune made him so, and thou shalt find no less. Hereupon the Trumpets sounding a Charge, and the Drums striking Alarm, there followed a sore and terrible Fight, wherein Crispianus (like a second Hector) laid about him, hewing down his Foes on every side, whose Valiancy and Princely Courage was noted of all the Gauls, and this fierce Fight ending with the Nights approach, each Army took their rest; at what time the Noble General of the Gauls sent for Crispianus, and received him with many kind Embraces in his Tent: he demanded of what Birth he was. To whom Crispianus shaped this Answer: Most Worthy General; my Birth is not mean, and my Secrets less, but by Trade I am a Shoemaker in England.

A Shoemaker (said the General?) if such Fame wait upon Shoemakers, and such Magnanimity follow them, well were it for us if all the People in the Kingdom were Shoemakers; And as great Thanks am I to give Maximinus, for sending me such a Soldier,

dier, as he may be proud to have such a Subject: and now right sorry am I, that ever I Reproached Iphicrates with his Fathers Trade, seeing I find it true, that Magnanimity, and Knightly Prowess, is not always tied within the Compass a Noble Blood: and for my own part, I will so honourably requite thy deservings, that thou shalt bless the time that ever thou camest into these Wars.

The next morning the Generals joyned Battel again, resolving in this Fight either by Death or Victory, to make an end of these Troubles; where the Soldiers on each side strove for the Golden Wreath of Renown. The two Generals meeting in the Battel, fought courageously together, in which Bloody Conflict the Prince of the Gauls was thrice by Iphicratis unhorsed, and as many times of Crispianus Mounted again: but in the end, the great Commander of the Eastern Army so mightily prevailed, that he had seized on the Person of the French Prince, and was carrying him Captive to his Colours.

But so highly was Crispianus favoured of Fortune, that he and his Fellows met him in the Pride of his Conquest; who then all besmeared in the Persian Blood, set upon Iphicratis, and so manfully behaved himself, that he recovered the Prince again, and in despite of the Persians brought him to his Royal Tent; in which Encounter the Noble Iphicratis was sore wounded, by reason whereof the Soldiers had rest for three or four days: in which space Iphicratis sent to the Prince of the Gauls, to know what King he was, that in such Valiant sort had rescued him out of his hands: Saying, That if he could serve him, he would make him Ruler of a Mighty Kingdom.

The French King sent him word, That it was a right hardy Britain, which had performed that Honourable Service, but no Knight, though well deserving a greater Dignity; but a Shoemaker in England: And thus (quoth he) a Shoe-maker's Son was by a Shoe-maker foiled.

When Iphicratis understood this, he sent word again to the Gauls: That for the favour of that Worthy Man, he would not only cease the Wars, but for ever after be a Friend to the Gauls: which joyful Message when the French King understood, most willingly embraced the unlooked-for Tydings of a happy Peace; and thereupon made Crispianus a Knight.

After the which, was a great Feast ordained, whereunto the Renowned Iphicratis was invited, and the two Generals with Crispianus, Friendly met together. Thus the sowre Wars was ended with sweet Feasting: and Iphicratis soon after departed out of the Country with his Army, and never after annoyed them.

Then the French King writing his Letter of Thanks unto the Emperor Maximinus, did therein certifie him of the Princely Acts of Crispianus whereby he was brought into the Emperor's Favour: and with these Letters Crispianus returned into England.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Lady Ursula finding her self to be with Child, made great moan unto her Husband Crispine; and how he provided for her a secret place where she was Delivered.

IN the mean time the Lady Ursula finding her self to be with Child, and her unknown Husband coming one day with Shoes unto her, she made her moan unto him, saying: O Crispine, how shall we do? the time of my Sorrow and Shame draweth on, I feel that living in my Womb which I fear will bring Death upon us all. Why my dear Lady (answered he) art thou with Child, keep thy Chamber close, and wittily excuse thy grief, until I have found means to procure our safety.

But

But doſt thou mean faithfully (ſaid ſhe) wilt thou not deceive me, and for fear of my Fathers VVrath flie the Country? if thou ſhouldeſt do ſo, then were I the wretchedeſt Lady alive: forſake me not ſweet Criſpine, whatſoever thou doſt, but take me with thee whereſoever thou goeſt; it is not my Father's frowns I regard, ſo I may have thy Favour: I care not for a Princely Palace, an homely Cottage ſhall content me: O my Love, I will rather ſpin Hemp for thy Shop-thred, then live without thee in the greateſt pleaſure.

I will not leave thee my dear Love (quoth he) by that Faith I vow, which I plighted to thee at our bleſſed Marriage, and therefore be contented, and it ſhall not be long before I return. Leaving thus his ſad Lady, he came home and ſecretly broke the matter unto his Dame, deſiring her Counſel in this his extremity.

What, how now (quoth ſhe) haſt thou got a Maid with Child? Ah thou whorſon Villain, thou haſt undone thy ſelf, how wilt thou do now? thou haſt made a faire hand, here is now fifteen pence a week, beſide Soap and Candles, Beds, Shirts, Biggens, Waſtcoats, Head-bands, Swaddle-bands, Crols-cloaths, Bibbs, Tail-clouts, Mantles, Hoſe, Shoes, Coats, Petticoats, Cradle and Crickets, and beſides that, a Standing-ſtool, and a Poſnet to make the Child Pap, and all this is come upon thee, beſides the charge of her Lying-in: Oh Criſpine! Criſpine! I am heartily ſorry for thee. But in good faith if I knew the Queen that hath brought thee to this Folly, I would have her by the face, I ſwear to you: for altho' I ſpeak it before thee (Criſpine) thou art a proper Fellow, and thou mighteſt have done full well if thou hadſt had Grace, God hath done his part on thee: and with that ſhe began with kindneſs to weep, whereupon her Husband coming in, asked what ſhe ailed: O Man (ſaid ſhe) Criſpine; VVhy, what of Criſpine? tell me; why ſpeakeſt thou not? we ſhall loſe a good Servant, ſo we ſhall. What Servant ſhall we loſe, foolish Woman (quoth he) tell me quickly? O Husband by Cock and Pye, I ſwear I'll have her by the Noſe. Why wilt thou have her by the Noſe? what the Devil art thou mad that thou wilt not anſwer me.

Criſpine, who at his Maſter's coming in ſhunned the Room, lending an Ear unto theſe words, went unto his Maſter, and ſaid unto him; Sir, theſe four years have I ſerved you, and the fifth draweth near unto an end; and as I have found you a good Maſter to me, ſo I truſt you have had no great cauſe to complain of me, though through ignorance I have ſometimes made Offence; and knowing at this inſtant no Man ſo near a Friend unto me as your ſelf, I thought good to impart my ſecret Counſel to you; ſomething I preſumed upon my good Dames Favour, which made

me open that unto her, which now I wish I had not discovered; notwithstanding, resting more upon her discretion than her secresie, I would desire your Counsel in a matter that concerns me very near. Verily, said his Master, if it be a thing wherein I may do thee good, thou shalt find that I will not fall from thee in thy sorrows, and therefore be not abashed to declare thy mind: for I swear, if I may procure thee right, thou shalt put up no wrong. Why then Sir, thus it is (quoth he:) My Wife running before my Wit, I have gotten a Maid with Child, and I wot not in this case what to do, that I might preserve the Maid from Shame, and my self from discredit: Besides, I doubt if it be known it will cost me my life; therefore in such a case, good Master be secret. Tush Man, fear not, it is a matter of nothing; but I pray thee now tell me what wanton Wagtail it is thou hast clapt under the Apron? O Master (quoth he) the King's fair Daughter is my Love, and she it is that lives in care for my sake. Passion on my heart, thou whorson Knave, quoth his Master, thou art a dead Man; I marvel how thou cameſt to be so bold with her; surely thou hast drawn on her Shoes on Sunday, I may say, thou hast left so good a token behind thee; but in truth my Boy I commend thee, that thou wouldst shoot at the fairest. Yea Sir, (quoth Crispine) and I have hit the mark I trow, and I do verily believe that none will shoot so near again. Nay, swear not, said his Master, many may aim at a fair mark, and more than one M[illegible]hits them now and then: but what wouldst thou have me do in this case? My good [illegible]r, the truth is, she is my Wife, and the very same night my Brother was past to the Friars, I was Married to her; and if you could tell me how she might be delivered of her burden without suspition, I should not only remain beholding to you, but would also gratifie your kindness in such sort as would content you.

His Dame all this while listned to their talk, and when she understood that he spake of the King's Daughter, and that he had Married her, she said: Now God's blessing on thy heart, Crispine, that thou art so careful for thy Wife: But it maketh me wonder that she should Marry a Shoe-maker, and a poor fellow too. Master and Dame (quoth Crispine) seeing I have begun, I'll shew another matter, as strange as the other. The necessity of these times makes many Noble Personages to Mask in this habit, as Jupiter did in Shepherds weeds; and the truth is, the Lady Ursula is not ignorant, that by matching with me, she hath wedded a Prince; and you may say, that these five years two Princes have served you obediently, under the simple borrowed names of Crispine and Crispianus. Our Royal Father was slain by the Emperor Maximinus, and the Queen our Mother yet lies Imprisoned; and your poor House and these Leather Garments have been our Life of Defence against the Blood-thirsty Tyrant. Now you see that though there was hate towards us in the Father, yet there is love yielded us by the Daughter. This must be kept for a certain time from the knowledge of him, lest our Lives pay a dear Ransome for our Loves. Well Crispine (quoth his Dame) be of good chear, for I have a Device in my head how to get thy Love out of her Fathers Palace, that she may be brought to Bed in mine own House, without either hurt to thee, or dishonour to her, if thou wilt do as I wish thee: when you perceive that she grows near unto the time of her Travel, I would wish you to work such means, as to set a Tree on fire late in the night, that standeth somewhat near one of the Beacons upon the Sea-coast, whereby it will follow, that such Watch-men that watch upon our Beacons supposing the Beacons on the Sea-coast to be on fire, will set theirs on fire also. Then will there be a great hurly-burly, with the preparation of Men at Arms, on all sides, to withstand the supposed Foe, the which they shall never find: then (as you know) Maximinus with his household will be in most fear, because he is most hated, that whilst he is abroad, the rest of his household

will every one of them seek for their own safeguard, amongst the which, let fair Ursula be one, who by that means singling her self alone, may take up my House, and here she may be closely kept till she be Delivered, taking upon her the name and habit of a simple Woman. But the truth of this matter (quoth Crispine) I doubt will be soon perceived and found, then how shall Lady Ursula do, for she will strait be missed? Tush, that is no matter (quoth his Dame) and missed let her be, untill such time she is in better case to go abroad again: so in such a Tumult as then will be, they will suppose many things, that one mischance or other is befallen her; or if she be in health, that she hath wandred into the Woods, or some other uncouth place, where she might best provide for her safety, and when she comes home again, I warrant thee Crispine, she shall be welcome. Then said his Master, I like my Wife's Counsel well, therefore by my consent put it in practice: whereunto Crispine consented; and making the Lady ready to the purpose, at length it was put in execution; at which there was crying out on all sides, Arm, Arm, Arm, our Enemies are coming upon us, Where? quoth they, at Rucupium, said one; at Arugagus Castle, said another; quoth the third, it is at Doris; I tell you (quoth the fourth) it is at Dour; and all this while it is but at Dover (said the fifth man) and at Dover it is undoubtedly, therefore haste, haste away, for never was more need: so that Maximinus was almost at his Wits end, as one not knowing which way to turn, the cryes of the People came so thick one after another; the waiting Gentlewomen left the Princess and sought for their own safety: Thus while some were busie in carrying out the King's Treasure, others hiding the Plate, and others the Goods, Ursula had an easie passage into the Shoe-makers House.

The young Prince Crispine was gone with the rest of the Town towards Dover, where when they came, there was nothing to do; which when Maximinus saw, he was not a little glad the Wars were so soon ended: but when he came to the Court, and missed his Daughter, there was posting up and down in every place to seek her, but all in vain, for no man could meet with her, for which he made great Lamentation, making a Proclamation throughout the whole Country: That whosoever could bring her to him, he should not only have a Princely Reward, but also if he were a Man of Noble Blood, he should be honoured with the Marriage of his fair Daughter.

This was good news to Crispine, who was not to learn to make profit thereof: But by that time the Lady was Light, Crispianus his eldest Brother was arrived in England with great honour, as before you have heard. And before he went to the Court, he thought it good to visit his old Master, who came also in good time to the Christning of his Brothers Child; which when he with wonder beheld, noting what a strange accident there was, That Maximinus's Daughter should be his Brothers Wife: But after that he had in Princely manner saluted the new-delivered Lady, taking the Infant in his Arms, he kissed it, saying: Now will I say and swear (quoth he) That a Shoe-makers Son is a Prince born; joyning in the Opinion of Iphicratis: and henceforth Shoe-makers shall never let their term dye.

Then turning to his Master and Dame, he said: How much, dear Master and Dame, are we bound to your labours, that have maintained our Honours with our happiness? for by this means I hope we shall make a joyful conclusion of our sorrowful beginning, and I will so work, that the Emperor shall confirm what is already begun; I mean the Honour due to these Princely Lovers, and together with our happy fortunes, procure our Mothers Liberty.

Hereupon, within a short time after, he made preparation to go to the Court, he attired

himself in a Princely manner, and with a most Knightly Grace he delivered to Maximinus the King of Gaul's Letter: where he certified the Emperor of the Honourable Deeds performed by Crispianus; whereupon he received him to great Favour, and said unto him; Right Renowned Knight, for the great honour thou hast done me in France, I will Honour thee with any thing thou shalt Command, that standeth with the Majesty and Credit of an Emperor to give. Then I beseech your Highness (quoth he) to grant me the Life and Liberty of my Mother, the late Queen of Logria. Art thou her Son, said Maximinus? Although thy Father was my Foe, yet must I needs say he was a most Couragious and Warlike Prince; thy Suit is granted: and once I had a Daughter was worthy of thy Love, but unconstant Fortune hath bereft me of that Bliss: But had it pleased the fair Heavens to have left her to me this day, I would have made thee more Honourable by her Match; but seeing my wishing doth nothing profit thee, take hence the Richest Jewel that I have, and be thou next my self in Authority. With that he took from his own Neck a Collar of precious Diamonds, and gave it to Crispianus, saying, Be thou as Fortunate as Polycrates.

CHAP. IX.

How fair Ursula came before her Father with Crispine her Husband, who was joyfully received by him, and in the end had his good will to confirm the Marriage betwixt them: Whereupon there was great Joy on both sides, and the Shoe-makers in honour of this happy day, make a joyful Song.

Within a certain space after, word was brought to the Emperor, that his Daughter was with a Shoe-maker come to the Court, whereat Maximinus was stricken into a sudden joy, saying, An Honourable Shoe-maker may he be that hath brought me my fair Daughter again: welcome my sweet Ursula, and in good time welcome to thy Father, and welcome also is this happy young Man that hath so fortunately brought thee: and turning to Crispianus, he said: Noble Sir Knight, take here my Daughter to Wife. Not so, dear Father (quoth she) this Man hath best deserved my Love, that hath preserved my Life, and his Wife will I be. Why Ursula, (said her Father) wilt thou darken the Sun-shine of my joy with Clouds of foul Obstinacy, and Yoak thy self so unequally? this Man is a Prince: And this Man's Son is another (quoth she.) That is strange: said the Emperor, Can that Child be a Prince, whose Father is but a Shoe-maker?

Then

Then answered Ursula, my Royal Father, a Shoe-maker's Son is a Prince born. Most gracious Lord (quoth Crispianus) the very like Sentence did I hear the Renowned Iphicratis pronounce to the King of the Gauls, when he upbraided him of his Birth. With that Crispine's Dame presented the Child to the Emperor, and fair Ursula was very diligent to uncover the Child's Face, and held it to her Father. Why Daughter (quoth he) art thou not ashamed to honour this base-born Brat so much? Hence with the Elf: and therewithal puthe it from him; whereat his Daughters tears trickled down her Cheeks, and so killing the Child, gave it again to the Woman. What (said Maximinus) dost thou love the Child so well that thou must kiss it, and weep for it? I have cause dear Father, (quoth she) for that this Child's Mother lay in my Mother's Belly.

At these words the Emperor suspected something, demanding of Crispine of what Parentage he was, and then knowing he was Crispianus's Brother, all the Controversie was ended, and their secret Marriage confirmed openly with great Joy and Triumph: at which time the Shoe-makers in the same Town made Holiday, to whom Crispine and Crispianus sent most Princely Gifts to maintain their Merriment: and ever after upon that day at night, the Shoe-makers make great Cheer and Feasting, in remembrance of these two Princely Brethren; and because it might not be forgotten, they caused their Names to be placed in the Kalender for yearly Remembrance, which you shall find in the Month of October, three days before the Feast of Simon and Jude.

The Shoe-makers Song on Crispianus's Night.

TWo Princely Brethren once there were, right Sons unto a King'
Whose Father Tyrant Maximinus to cruel Death did bring;
Crispianus one was call'd, the eldest of the two,
Crispine was the others name, who well had learn'd to Wooe.
These Brethren then were after fain from Fathers House to flie,
Because their Foes to spoil their Lives in privy wait did lye;
Into a kind Shooe-makers House they suddenly stept in,
And there to learn the Gentle-Craft did presently begin.
And five years space they lived so with great content of mind,
So that the Tyrant could not tell whereas he should them find:
Tho' every day to Court they came with Shoes for Ladies feet,
They were not known by their Attire, they us'd themselves so meet.
At length unto the furious Wars was Crispianus Prest,
Whereas his Knightly Prowess then he try'd above the rest:
But Crispine found him better sport, would I had Crispine been,
The King's fair Daughter lov'd him well, as it was after seen:
The length of this fair Lady's foot so well did Crispine know,
That none but he could please her Mind, the certain truth is so:
Came he by Night or else by Day, he was most welcome still,
With Kisses sweet she did him pay, and thanks for his good will:
So oft these Lovers twain did meet, by day and eke by night,
That at the last the Lady said, she should be shamed quite:
What was the matter, tell me true, that thus her sorrow bred?
Her Shoe maker most daintily had got her Maiden-head.
But at the length so wisely wrought, as doth the Story tell;
Her Fathers right good will he got, and every thing was well:

And

And Crispianus came again from Wars Victoriously,
Then Shoe-makers make Holiday, and therefore so will I;
And now for Crispianus's sake, this Wine I drink to thee,
And he that doth his mark mistake, and will not now pledge me;
He is not Crispianus's friend, or worthy well I wot,
To have a Lady to his Love, as Crispine he hath got.

CHAP. X.

How Sir Simon Eyre being at first a Shoe-maker, became in the end Lord-Mayor of London, through the Counsel of his Wife: and how he broke his Fast every day on a Table that he said he would not sell for a Thousand pounds: and how he builded Leaden-Hall.

OUr English Chronicles do make mention, that sometime there was in the Honourable City of London, a worthy Mayor, known by the Name of Sir Simon Eyre, whose Fame liveth in the mouth of many Men to this day, who albeit he descended from mean Parentage, yet by God's Blessing, in the end he came to be a most worthy man in the Common-wealth.

This Man being brought young out of the North-Country, was bound Prentice to a Shoo-maker, bearing then the name of the Gentle-Craft (as still it doth) his Master being a Man of a reasonable Wealth, let many Journey-men and Prentices to work, who followed their business with a great delight, which quite excludeth all weariness; for when Servants do sit at their Work like Mercenaries, then their minds are never lightly on their business; for it is an old Proverb;

They prove Servants kind and good,
That sing at their business like Birds in a Wood.

Such Fellows had this young Lad, who was not behind with many Northern Jiggs, to answer their Southern Songs: This Youth being the youngest Prentice in the House, as occasion served, was often sent to the Conduit for Water, whereby in a short time he fell acquainted with many other Prentices, coming thither for the same intent.

Now their Custome was, that every Sunday Morning divers of these Prentices did use to go to a place near the Conduit to break their Fast with Pudding-pies; and often they would take Simon along with them; but upon a time it fell out, that when he

he ſhould draw money to pay the ſhot with the reſt, that he had none; whereupon he merrily ſaid unto them: My faithful Friends, and Conduit-Companions, treaſurers of the Water-Tankard, and main Pillars of the Pudding-houſe; I may now compare my Purſe to a barren-Doe, that yields the Keeper no more good than an empty Carkaſs; or to a bad Nut, which being opened hath never a Kernel: therefore if it will pleaſe you to pardon me at this time, and excuſe me for my part of the ſhot, I do here vow unto you that if ever I come to be Lord-Mayor of the City, I will give a Breakfaſt to all the Apprentices in London. We do take your Word (quoth they) and ſo they departed.

It came to paſs, that Simon having at length worn out the time of his Apprenticeſhip, that he fell in Love with a Maiden that was near Neighbour unto him, unto whom at length he was Married, and got him a Shop, and laboured hard daily, and his young Wife was never idle, but ſtrait when ſhe had nothing to do, ſhe ſate in the Shop and Spun; and having lived thus alone a year or thereabouts, and having gathered ſomething together, at length he got him ſome Prentices and a Journey man or two, and he could not make his Ware ſo faſt as he could have ſold it, ſo that he ſtood in great need of a Journey-man or two more.

At laſt one of his Servants eſpying one go along the ſtreet with a Fardle at his back, called to his Maſter, ſaying: Sir, yonder goes St. Hugh's Bones, Twenty pound to a Penny: Run preſently (quoth he) and fetch him hither: The Boy running forth, called to the Man, ſaying: Good Fellow, come hither, here is one would ſpeak with you. The Fellow being a French-man that had not long been in England, turning about, ſaid, Hea, what you ſee, will you ſpeak wid me? Hea, what you have? tell me what you have, Hea; and with that coming to the Stall, the good Man asked him if he lackt work? we permaſoy, quoth the French-man: hereupon Simon took him in, and to work he went merrily, where he behaved himſelf ſo well, that his Maſter made a good account of him, thinking he had been a Batchelor, but in the end it was found otherwiſe.

This Man was the firſt that wrought upon the low cut Shoe, with the ſquare Toe, and the Latchet overthwart the Inſtep; before which time in England they did wear a high Shoe that reached above the Ankles, right after the manner of our Husbandmens Shoes at this day; ſave only that it was made very ſharp at the Toe, turning up like the Tail of an Iſland Dog, or as you ſee a Cock carry his hinder Feathers.

Now it is to be remembred, that while John Denevale dwelt with Simon Eyre, it chanced that a Ship of the Iſle of Candy, was driven upon our Coaſt, laden with all kind of Lawns and Cambricks, and other Linnen Cloath, which Commodities at that time were in London very ſcant and exceeding dear: and by reaſon of a great Leak the Ship had gotten at Sea, being unable to Sail any farther, he would make what profit he could of his Goods here.

And being come to London, it was John Denevale's chance to meet him in the Street, of whom the Merchant in the Greek Tongue demanded where he might have a Lodging, for he was one that had never been in England before, and being unacquainted, wiſt not whither to go; but while he ſpake Greek, John Denevale anſwered him ſtill in French, which Tongue the Merchant underſtood well: and therefore being glad that he had met with one that could talk with him, he declared unto him what Tempeſts he endured at Sea, and alſo how his Ship lay upon the Coaſt with ſuch Commodities as he would ſell: Truly Sir (quoth John) I am my ſelf but a Stranger in this Country, and utterly unacquainted with Merchants, but I dwell with one in the City, that is a very honeſt Man, and it may be that he can help you to ſome that will deal with

you for it, and if you think it good, I will move him with it, and in the mean space I'll bring you where you may have a very good Lodging, and to morrow morning I will come to you again.

Sir, said the Merchant, if you please to do me that favour, I will not only be thankful unto you for the same, but will content you for your pains: and with that they departed.

Now as soon as John the French-man came home, he moved the matter unto his Master, desiring him that he would do what he could for the Merchant. When his Master had heard each circumstance, noting therewith the want of such Commodities in the Land, he cast in his mind as he stood cutting out his Work, what was the best to be done in this case, saying to his man John, I will think upon it betwixt this and the morning, and then I will tell you my mind; and therewithal casting down his Cutting-knife, he went out of his Shop into his Chamber, and therein walking up and down alone very sadly, ruminating thereon; he was so far in his muse, that his Wife sending for him to Supper two or three times, he nothing regarded the Maid's call, hammering this matter in his head; at last his Wife came to him, saying, Husband what mean you that you do not come to Supper? why speak you not Man? hear you? good Husband come away, your meat will be cold: but for all her Words, he stayed walking up and down still, like a Man that had lent his Wits a Wool-gathering, which his Wife seeing, pulled him by the sleeve, saying; Why Husband, in the Name of God, why come you not? will you not come to Supper too Night? I called you a good while ago. Body of me, Wife I promise thee I did not hear thee: No Faith, it seemeth so, (quoth she) I marvel whereupon your mind runneth: believe me Wife (quoth he) I was studying how to make my self Lord Mayor, and thee a Lady.

Now God help you (quoth she) I pray God make us able to pay every Man his own, that we may live out of Debt and Danger, and drive the Wolf from the Door, and I desire no more. But Wife (said he) I pray thee now tell me, dost thou not think that thou could'st make a shift to bear the name of a Lady if it be put upon thee? In truth Husband (quoth she) I'll not dissemble with you, if your Wealth were able to bear it, my mind will bear it well enough. Well Wife, replyed he, I tell thee now in sadness, that if I had Money, there is a Commodity now to be bought, the gains whereof would be able to make thee a Gentlewoman for ever. Alas Husband, that Dignity your Trade allows you already, being a Squire of the Gentle-Craft, then how can you be less then a Gentleman, seeing your Son is a Prince born: Tush Wife, quoth he, those Titles do only rest in Name, but not in Nature; but of that sort I had rather be, whose Lands are answerable to their Virtues, and whose Rents can maintain the greatness of their mind. Then sweet Husband tell me, said his Wife, what Commodity is that which you might get so much by? I am sure your self hath some Money, and it shall go very hard but I will procure Friends to borrow one forty shillings; and besides that, rather than you shall lose so good a Bargain, I have a couple of Crowns that saw no Sun since we were first Married, and them also shall you have. Alas Wife! (said Simon) all this comes not near the matter; I confess it would do some good in buying some backs of Leather, but in this thing 'tis nothing, for this is Merchandize that is precious at this time, and rare to be had: and I hear that whosoever will have it, must lay down Three hundred pounds ready Money: Yea Wife; and yet thereby he might get three and three thousand pounds profit.

His Wife hearing him say so, was inflamed with the desire thereof, as Women are for the most part very Covetous: That matter running still in her mind, she could scarce

scant find in her heart to space him time to go to Supper, for very eagerness to animate him on to take that Bargain upon him: wherefore so soon as they had supped and given God thanks, she called her Husband, saying; I pray you come hither, I would speak a word with you: That Man is not always to be blamed, that sometimes takes Counsel of his Wife, tho' Womens Wits are not able to comprehend the greatest things, yet in doubtful matters they oft help on a sudden.

Well Wife, what mean you by this (said her Husband?) In truth (quoth she) I would have you to pluck up a Man's Heart, and speedily chop up a Bargain for these Goods you speak of. Who I (quoth he?) which way should I do it? that am not able for Three thousand pounds to lay down Three thousand pence? Tush Man (quoth she) what of that? every Man that beholds a Man in the Face, knows not what he hath in his Purse: and whatsoever he be that owns the Goods he will (no doubt) be content to stay a Month for his Money, or three Weeks at least; and I promise you, to pay a thousand pounds a Week is a pretty round Payment, and I may say to you, not much to be misliked of.

Nay Husband, I would have you in the Morning with John the French-man go to the Grecian Merchant, and with good Discretion drive a sound Bargain with him for the whole Fraight of the Ship, and thereupon give him half a dozen Angels in Earnest, and eight and twenty days after the Delivery of the Goods, Condition to Deliver him the rest of the Money. But Woman (quoth he) dost thou imagine that he will take my word upon so weighty a mass of Money, and to Deliver his Goods upon no better security?

Good Lord (quoth she) have you not wit in such a case to make shift; I'll tell you what you shall do: be not known that you Bargain for your own self, but tell him that you do it in the behalf of one of the Chief Aldermen of the City, but beware in any case that you leave with him your name in writing, he being a Grecian, cannot read English, and you have no need at all to shew John the Frenchman, or if you should, it were no matter, for you can tell well enough that he can neither read nor write.

I perceive Wife (quoth he) thou wouldst fain be a Lady, and worthy thou art to be one, that dost thus employ thy Wits to bring thy Husband profit: but tell me, if he should be desirous to see the Alderman to conferr with him, how shall we do then? Jesus have mercy upon us (quoth she) you say Women are Fools, but me seemeth Men have need to be taught sometimes: before you come away in the Morning, let John the Frenchman, tell him that the Alderman himself shall come to his Lodging in the Afternoon, and receiving a Note of all the Goods that be in the Ship, he shall deliver unto him a Bill of his Hand for the payment of his Money, according to that time. Now Sweet-heart (quoth she) this Alderman shall be thine own self, and I'll go borrow for thee all things that shall be necessary, against that time. Tush (quoth her Husband) canst thou imagine that he seeing me in the Morning, will not know me again in the Afternoon. Go Husband (quoth she) he will not know thee I warrant thee: for in the Morning thou shalt go to him in thy Doublet of Sheep-skin, with a smutched face, and thy Apron before thee, thy Thumb-leather and Hand-leather buckled close to thy wrist, with a foul Band about thy Neck, and a greasie Cap on thy Head. Why Woman (quoth he) to go in such sort would be a discredit to me, and make the Merchant doubtful of my dealing: for Men of a simple Attire are (God wot) slenderly esteemed.

Hold your peace, good Husband, (quoth she) it shall not be so with you, for John the Frenchman shall give such good report to the Merchant of your honest dealing (as

I praiſe God, he can do no leſs) as the Grecian will rather conceive the better of you, than otherwiſe, judging you a diſcreet and prudent Man, that will not make a ſhew of that you are not, but go in your attire agreeable to your Trade. And becauſe none of our Folks ſhould be privy to our intent, to morrow we will dine at my Couſin **John Barber's** in St. **Clement's** Lane, which is not far from the George in Lombard-ſtreet, where the Merchant-ſtranger lies. Now I'll be ſure that all things ſhall be ready at my Couſin John's, that you may put on in the afternoon. And there he ſhall firſt of all with his Sciſſers, ſnap off all the ſuperfluous hairs, and faſhion thy bruſhy Beard, after the Alderman's grave cut: then ſhall he waſh thee with a ſweet Camphire Ball, and beſprinkle thy Head and face with the pureſt Roſe-water: then ſhalt thou ſcour thy pitchy Fingers in a Baſon of hot VVater, with an ordinary Waſhing-ball: and all this being done, ſtrip thee from theſe common weeds, and I'll put thee on a very fair Doublet of Tawny Sattin, over which thou ſhalt have a Caſſock of branched Damask, furred round the Skirts with the fineſt Foyns, thy Breeches of Black Velvet, and Shoes and Stockins fit for ſuch Array; a Band about thy Neck as white as the driven Snow, and for thy wriſt a pritty pair of Cuffs, and on thy Head a Cap of fineſt black: then ſhalt thou put on a fair Gown welted about with Velvet, and overthwart thy Back it ſhall be laid with the richeſt Foyns, with a pair of ſweet Gloves on thy Hands, and on thy fore-finger a great Seal Ring of Gold.

Thou being thus attired, I'll intreat my Couſin **John Barber**, becauſe he is a very handſome young Man, neat and fine in his Apparrel, as indeed all Barbers are, that he would take the pains to wait upon you to the Merchant, as if he were your Man, which he will do at firſt word, becauſe one of you cannot underſtand the other, ſo that it will be ſufficient with outward courteſie, one to greet another, and to deliver to you his Note, and you to give him your Bill, and ſo to come home.

It doth my heart good to ſee how trimly this Apparel doth become you, in faith Husband, me ſeem in my mind I ſee you in it already, and how like an Alderman you look when you are in this coſtly Array. At your return home from the Merchant, you ſhall put off all theſe Cloaths at my Couſin's again, and come home as you did go forth: then tell John the French Man, that the Alderman was with the Merchant this afternoon, you may ſend to him in the Morning, and bid him to command that his Ship may be brought down the River; while ſhe is coming about, you may give notice to the Linnen-Drapers of the Commodities you have coming. Enough VVife, (quoth he) thou haſt ſaid enough; and by the Grace of God, I'll follow thy Counſel, and I doubt not but to have good Fortune.

CHAP. XI.

How **Simon Eyre** was ſent for to my Lord Mayor's to Supper, and ſhewing the great Entertainment he and his VVife had there.

A Mon after, Supper time drew near, the making her ſelf ready in the beſt manner ſhe could deviſe, paſſing along with her Husband unto my Lord Mayor's Houſe: and being entred the great Hall, one of the Officers certified my Lord Mayor that the great rich Shoe-maker and his Wife were already come. Whereupon the Lord Mayor in courteous manner came into the Hall to Simon, ſaying: you are heartily welcome good Maſter Eyre, and ſo is your gentle Bedfellow; Then came the Lady Mayoreſs and ſaluted them both in like manner, ſaying: VVelcome good Maſter Eyre, and Miſtreſs Eyre both, and taking her by the hand, ſet her down among the Gentlewomen there preſent.

Sir

Sir (quoth the Lord Mayor) I underſtand you are a Shoe-maker, and that it is you that have bought all the Goods of the great Argozy. I am indeed (my Lord) of the Gentle-Craft (quoth he) and I praiſe God all the Goods of the great Argozy are mine own when my Debts are paid.

God give you much Joy of it (ſaid the Lord Mayor) and I truſt you and I ſhall deal for ſome part thereof. So the Meat being then ready to be brought in, the Gueſts were placed each one according to their calling. My Lord Mayor holding Simon by the hand, and the Lady Mayoreſs holding his Wife, they needs would have them ſit near to themſelves, which they then with bluſhing Cheeks refuſing, my Lord ſaid unto them, holding his Cap in his hand,

Maſter Eyre and Miſtriſs Eyre, let me intreat you not to be troubleſome, for I tell you it ſhall be thus; and as for theſe Gentlemen here preſent, they are all of mine own acquaintance, and many times we have been together; therefore I dare be the bolder with them, and albeit you are our Neighbours alſo, yet I promiſe you, you are ſtrangers to my Table: and to ſtrangers common Courteſie doth teach us to ſhew the greateſt favour, therefore let me Rule you in mine own Houſe, and you ſhall Rule me in yours.

When Simon found there was no remedy, they ſate them down, but the poor Woman was ſo abaſhed that ſhe did eat but little meat at the Table, behaving her ſelf at the Table with a comely and modeſt Countenance; but what ſhe wanted in outward feeding, her heart yielded to her with inward delight and content.

Now ſo it was, many men that knew not Simon, and ſeeing him in ſo ſimple attire ſit next my Lord, whiſperingly asked one another what he was: and it was enough for Simon's Wife (with her Eyes and Ears) to ſee and hearken after every thing that was ſaid or done.

A grave Wealthy Citizen ſitting at the Table, ſpake to Simon, and ſaid: Sir, in good will I drink to your good health, but I beſeech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your name. With that my Lord Mayor anſwered him, ſaying: his name is Maſter Eyre, and this is the Gentleman that bought all the Goods that came in the Black Swan of Candy; and before God, though he ſit here in ſimple ſort, for his Wealth I do verily believe, he is more ſufficient to bear this place than my ſelf; this was a man that was never thought upon, living obſcure amongſt us, of none account in the Eyes of the World, carrying but the Countenance of a Shoe-maker, and none of the

sell neither, and is able to deal for a Bargain of five thousand pounds at a Clap. We do want many such Shoe-makers (said the Citizen) and so with other Discourse drove out Supper: at what time rising from the Table, Simon and his Wife receiving sundry Salutations of my Lord Mayor and his Lady, and all the rest of the Worshipful Guests, departed home to their own House, at what time his Wife made such a recital of the matters, how bravely they were entertained, what great cheer was there, also what a great company of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were there, and how often they drank to her Husband and to her, with divers other circumstances, that I believe that if the Night had been six Months long, as it is under the North Pole, they would have found talk enough till morning. Of a truth (quoth she) altho' I sate close to my Ladies side, I could eat nothing for very joy to hear and see that we were so much made of: And never give me credit Husband, if I did not hear the Officers whisper as they stood behind me, and all demanded of one another what you were, and what I was: Oh, quoth one, do you see this Man? mark him well, and mark his Wife well, that simple Woman that sits next my Lady, what are they? what are they? quoth another: Marry, this is the rich Shoemaker that bought all the Goods in the great Argozy, I tell you there was never such a Shoe-maker seen in London, since the City was builded.

Now by my Faith, quoth the third, I have heard much talk of him among the Merchants in the Streets, going between the two Chains. Credit me Husband, of mine Honesty, this was their communication. Nay, and do you not remember when the Rich Citizen drank to you, (which crabed pardon because he knew not your name) what my Lord Mayor said; Sir, quoth he, his name is Master Eyer: did you mark that? and moreover thereupon he added these words: This is the Gentleman that bought, and so forth: the Gentleman understood him; did you hear him speak that word?

In troth VVife (quoth he) my Lord uttered many good words for me, I thank his Honour, but I heard not that. No? (quoth she) I heard it well enough, for by and by he proceeded further, saying: I suppose though he sit here in simple sort, he is more sufficient to bear this place than my self. Yea, thought I, he may thank his VVife for that, if it come to pass. Nay, said Simon, I thank God for it. Yea, and next him you may thank me, quoth she: And it did her so much good to talk of it, that I suppose if she had lived till this day, she would yet be prating thereof, if sleep did not drive her from it.

And now seeing that Simon the Shoe-maker is become a Merchant, we will temper our Tongue, to give him the Title which his Customers were wont to do, and from henceforth call him Master Eyer, who while he had his Affairs in hand, committed the Government of his Shop to John the Frenchman, leaving him to be Guide to his other Servants; by means of which favour, John thought himself at that time to be a Man of no small Reputation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

How John the Frenchman fell in Love with one of his Mistriss's Maids, and how he was crossed through the Craft of Haunce the Dutchman.

AT the same time there was dwelling in the House a jolly Wench, whose Name was Florence, whom John the Frenchman loved dearly well, and for her only sake he brought many a good Bottle of VVine into the House, and therewithal so soon as their Master and Mistress were gone to Bed, they would oftentimes make merry amongst themselves, which Haunce a Journey-man in the same House perceiving, sought to cross him as much as in him lay, thereby to bring his own purpose the better to pass, which was to joyn the Maidens favour to his own affections.

And because the Frenchman had the greatest gains under his Master, and being thereof no niggard when he had got it, the Maid did most delight in him, and little esteemed the Dutchman, though his good will was as great towards her as the other: for they could not be in any corner of the House together, nor could they meet in any place abroad, but the Dutchman would still watch them.

Upon a time Florence being at Market, her Love John went forth of the Shop to meet her, and Haunce staid not long behind, who at length espied them, and heard his Fellow John questioning with her in this sort.

What Florence, what have you in your Basket? hea, let me see what you buy? Marry John, quoth she, I have bought Beef and Mutton, and other things: Come, come, must you peep in my Basket, quoth she, away for shame, away. Be got Florence, me will see a little, ha, ha! Florence, you buy de pudding; hea, you love de Puddings Florence, if I be your Husband, me will give you Pudding shall warren. My Husband! quoth she, in faith Sir, no, I mean not to Marry a Frenchman: What, Florence, de Frenchman be de good Man: but Florence, me will give you a pint of Wine by my treat.

Oh I cannot stay now, I thank you John. What, quoth he, Florence no stay with your Friend, I shall make you stay a little time: and so with that, taking her by the hand, into the Tavern they go; and Haunce the Dutchman following them, sate closely in the next Room, and by that means heard all that they said, and that they appointed the next Sunday to go to Islington to be merry, and so the Maid hasting away, they departed.

Well, quoth Haunce, secretly to himself, it shall go hard but I will disappoint you

Sunday in the afternoon being come, John the French Man, according to his appointment, went before to Islington, leaving Florence to come after, with another Maid which dwelt in the same House, whilst he prepared good cheer for their coming; and the more to make her merry, he hired a noise of Musicians to attend their pleasure.

And as it after hapned, his fellow Haunce prevented this sport, who watching in the Fields for Florence, at length he espied her coming; to whom he said, Well met fair Florence, your friend John hath changed his mind, for whereas he appointed you to meet him at Islington, you shall lose your labour so to do, for he is not there. No, how so, said Florence? The reason is, said Haunce, so far as I can understand by him, he thinks you are very fickle and unconstant, and because it was his chance this Morning to see you speak to a young man that passed by; he saith verily, that you are a marvellous great dissembler, and in this humour he is gone I know not whither.

And is it even so, said Florence? I'll tell thee what Haunce, because he hath made thee privy to his mind, I will shew thee somewhat of mine: doth he suspect me because I did but speak to one? Nay, if he be so Jealous now, what will he be hereafter? and therefore inasmuch as it is so, let him go to the Devil: he shall very well find that I will set as light by him as he doth by me. Did the Knave get leave of my Mistress for me to come abroad this day, and he doth now serve me thus? Well, this shall teach me Wit in faith; and so she turns back again.

Nay, quoth Haunce, seeing now you are abroad, let me intreat you to go to Hogsdon, and I will bestow a mess of Cream upon you. In the end she was won, and as they walked together, Haunce spoke thus unto her: I know not what cause John the French-man hath given you to bear him so good will, as I perceive you do, but in my mind he is a far unmeet Match for you. And thus much I know, he is of a very mistrustful nature, a wavering mind, and a deceitful heart: he did makes great good will to you in outward shew, but I have heard him speak most shamefully of you behind your back, making his vaunts that he had you at a beck of his Finger, and how that for a pint of Wine he could cause you to follow him all over the City: Florence, I am a fool to tell you thus much, it may be you will scarce believe it, and for my part I will not urge you thereunto: but in troth, look what I tell you it is for good will, because I have been sorry to see you so abused.

I thank you good Haunce, quoth she, I may believe it well enough, but henceforth I know what I have to do: I confess indeed that I have drank with him abroad, but it was at his own earnest intreaty, neither could I ever be at quiet for the Knave, he doth so follow me up and down in every place: but seeing I know his Dissimulation to be such, if I do not requite him in his kind, trust me no more: and now I am heartily sorry that I was so foolish as to follow him this day, at his appointment: but seeing he hath served me thus, he shall not know of my coming out of doors, and therefore good Haunce do not tell him you met me this day in the Fields.

Now in Faith Florence, I will not only be secret to thee, but will also from henceforth acquaint thee with all his proceedings. And having eat their Cream, Haunce brought her some part of the way homewards; and taking his leave of her, he went back to see if he could meet with John the French-man, who having staid at Islington for Florence until almost night, and she not coming, he and the Musicians together were fain to eat the Meat without more Company, which made John the French-man to swear like a Turk.

And as he was coming homeward over the Fields, chafing and fretting to himself, who should he meet withal but Haunce the Dutch-man, who said to him: What, John, who thought to meet you here? Here thou seest I am now, said John; but when came

you from home? Marry but even now, quoth Haunce. And who is at home, said John? The other answered, there was no body but their Mistris, and the Maid Florence, with the rest of the Houshold. Is Florence at home, quoth John? the Devil take her for me, she hath made a right Fool of me indeed. How so (quoth Haunce?) then the other in a great chafe, said: Be-Got shall be Revenged, Florence make on me too much, too much; she make me believe she love me, and me think so too; and be-Got she make me a Jack fool. When Haunce heard him say so, he said: Alas good John! she love thee! if you think so you are greatly deceived, for she is the scoffing'st Quean in London, and I have heard her behind your back to mock and flout you, saying: Doth shitten John think that I will Marry him, in faith Sir, no. When the French man heard this, he stampt like a mad man, and bit his thumb, saying: Mordieu me shall be Revenged be-Got: shitten John, call shitten John, hea: A deput in corroyn, a me shant, shitten John, no better name but a shitten John? It is as I tell you, quoth Haunce; and moreover she said, she scorned to come after you to Islington, saying, she would see you hang'd first. Well, be no matter, she no love me, me no love she, but me shall go home, me shall, and beat her like a Stock-Fish. Nay, do not so, (saith Haunce) but let her alone, for it is no credit for you to beat a Woman, and besides that, if you should, our master would turn you out of doors, therefore be quiet a while, and be secret in that I have told you, then shall you see how she useth you.

In this humour they departed, at what time John full of Melancholy stood frowning by the Fire side, and as the Maid went up and down the House about her business, he cast looks upon her as fierce as a Panther: but she, by reason of the Dutch-man's tale to her, shews her self as scornful as he was churlish, and not once cast her eye toward him; and thus they drove on the time for a sennight or fortnight.

CHAP. XII.

How Master Eyre was called upon to be Sheriff of London, and how he held his Place with Worship.

In this space Master Eyre following his business, had sold so much of his Merchandize as paid the Grecian's whole Money, and yet had resting to himself three times as much as he had sold, wherefore he trusted some to one Alderman, and some to another, and a great deal amongst substantial Merchants: and for some had much ready Money, which he imployed in divers Merchandises, and became Adventurer at Sea, having by God's Blessing many Prosperous Voyages, so that his Riches daily encreased.

It chanced upon a time, that being in his Study casting up his Accompts, he found himself to be clearly worth twelve or thirteen thousand pounds: which he finding to be so, called his Wife to him, and said:

The last day I did cast up my Accompts, and I find that Almighty God of his goodness hath lent me thirteen thousand pounds, to maintain us in our Old Age, for which his gracious goodness towards us, let us with our whole hearts give his Glorious Majesty Eternal Praise, and therewithal pray unto him, that we may so dispose thereof, as may be to his Honour, and the Comfort of his poor Members on Earth, and above our Neighbours we may not be puffed up with Pride, that while we think on our Wealth, we forget God that sent it us; for it hath been an old Saying of a Wise Man: That Abundance groweth from Riches, and Dissain out of Abundance: Of which God give us Grace to take heed, and grant us a contented mind.

So soon as he had spoken this, he heard one hastily knocking at the Door, whereupon he sent Florence to see who it was; the Maiden coming again, told her Master it was one of my Lord Mayor's Officers that would speak with him. The Officer being permitted to come in, after due Reverence, he said: Sir, it hath pleased my Lord Mayor, with the Worshipful Aldermen his Brethren; with the Council of the whole Commonalty of the Honourable City, to chuse your Worship Sheriff of London this day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certifie your mind therein, whether you be contented to hold the place or no.

Master Eyer hearing this, answered: He would come to his Honour and their Worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to doe: and so the Officer departed.

His Wife (which all this while listned to their talk) hearing how the case stood, with a joyful countenance meeting her Husband, taking him about the Neck, with a loving kiss, said: Master Sheriff, God send thee joy of thy Name and Place. O Wife (quoth he) my Person is far unworthy of that Place, and the Name far exceeds my Degree.

What, content your self good Husband (quoth she) and disable not your self in such sort, but be thankful to God for what you have, and do not spurn at such promotion as God sendeth you: the Lord be praised for it, you have enough to discharge the Place whereunto you are called with Credit; and wherefore sendeth God goods, but therewithal to do him and your Country Service? Woman (quoth he) soft fire makes sweet Malt; for such as take things in hand rashly, repent it suddenly; to be Sheriff of London is no little Cost: Consider first (quoth he) what House I ought to have, and what costly Ornaments belong thereunto; as Hangings of Tapestry, Cloath of Arras, and other such like, what store of Plate and Goblets of Gold, what costly Attire, and what a chargeable Train; and that which is most of all, how greatly I stand charged beside to our Soveraign Lord the King, for answering of such Prisoners as shall be committed to my Custody, with a hundred matters of such importance, which are to such an Office belonging.

Good Lord Husband (quoth she) what need all these Repetitions; you need not tell me it is a matter of great charge: notwithstanding, I verily think many heretofore have with great Credit discharged the Place, whose Wealth hath not in any sort been answerable to your Riches, and whose Wits have been as mean as your own: Truly Sir, shall I be plain, I know not of any thing that is to be spoken of, that you want to perform it, but only your good will, and to lack good will to do your King and Country good, were a sign of an unworthy Subject, which I hope you will never be.

Well Wife (said her Husband) thou hast held me here with prittle prattle, while the time passeth on; it is high time I were gone to Guild-hall, I doubt I shall appear too

unmannerly, in causing my Lord Mayor and the rest to stay my leisure. And he having made himself ready, fit to go before such an Assembly as he went unto, he went out of doors, at what time his Wife called after him, saying, and holding up her finger:

Husband, remember, you know what I have said: take heed you dissemble not with God and the World, look to it Husband. Go get you in (quoth he) about your business. And so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of sight, his Wife sent one of his Men after him, to Guild Hall, to hearken and hear whether he held his place or no; and if he do, bring me word with all possible speed.

I will Mistris, quoth her Man.

Now when Mr. Eyer came to Guild-Hall, the Lord Mayor and his Brethren bad him heartily welcome, saying: Sir, the Commonalty of the City having a good opinion of you, have chosen you for one of the Sheriffs for this year, not doubting but to find you a fit Man for the place.

My good Lord, quoth he, I humbly thank the City for their Courtesie and Kindness, and would to God my Wealth were answerable to my good will, and my Ability were able to bear it; but I find my self unsufficient: I most humbly desire a year respite more, and pardon for this present.

At these words, a grave Commoner of the City standing up, with due Reverence spake thus unto the Mayor: My good Lord, this is but a slender excuse for Mr. Eyer to make, for I have often heard him say, and so have divers others also; that he hath a Table in his House, whereon he breaks his Fast every day, that he will not give for a thousand pound: wherefore (under your Lordships correction) in my simple judgment, I think he that is able to spare a thousand pounds in such a dead Commodity, is very sufficient to be Sheriff of London. See you now, quoth my Lord, I muse Mr. Eyer, that you would have so lame an excuse before us, as to make exception at your own Wealth, which is apparently proved sufficient: you must know, Mr. Eyer, that the Commons of London have searching eyes, and seldom they are deceived in their opinion, and therefore look what is done, you must stand to it.

I beseech you my Lord, quoth Mr. Eyer, give me leave to speak one word: let it be granted that I will not give my Table whereon I break my fast, for a thousand pounds, that is no consequence to prove it is worth so much, my fancy to the thing is all; for doubtless no man here would give me a thousand Shillings for it when they see it. All is one for that, quoth my Lord Mayor, yet I dare give you as much Wine as you will spend this year in your Shrievalty, to let me have it; My good Lord, quoth he, on that condition I will hold my Place, and rest no longer troublesome to this Company. You must hold, said my Lord, without any condition or exceptions at all in this matter: And so they ended.

The Assembly being then broken up, the Voice went, Mr. Eyer is Sheriff, Mr. Eyer is Sheriff. Whereupon the Fellow that Mrs. Eyer sent to observe how things framed, ran in all hast, and with leaping and rejoycing, said: Mistris, God give you Joy, for you are now a Gentlewoman, What, quoth she, tell me Sir Sawce, is thy Master Sheriff or no? and doth he hold his place? Yea Mistris; he holds his place now, as fast as the Stirrup doth the Shoe while we sow it: Why then, quoth she, I have my hearts desire, and that I so long looked for. And so away she went.

Within a while after came her Husband, and with him one of the Aldermen and a couple of wealthy Commoners, one of them was he that gave such great com-

[illegible] and coming to his door, he said: You are welcome home, good [illegible] I pray you come in and drink before you go.

[illegible] bring me forth a Pasty of Venison, and set me here my little [illegible] Gentlemen may eat a bit with me before they go. His Wife, which had [illegible] to this term, excused the matter, saying: The little Table! good Lord [illegible] I do wonder what you will do with the little Table now, knowing that it is [illegible] I pray you good Husband content your self, and sit at the great Table this [illegible] Then she whispered him in the ear, saying: What! Man, shall we shame our selves? What shame, quoth he? tell not me of shame, but do thou as thou art bidden: for we are but three or four of us, then what need we trouble the great Table: Truly, (answered she) the little Table is not ready now, good Husband let it alone.

Trust me, we are troublesome Guests (said the Alderman) but yet we would fain see your little Table, because it is said to be of such a price. Yea, and it is my mind you shall, quoth Master Eyer; therefore he called his Wife again, saying: Good Wife dispatch, and prepare the little Table, for these Gentlemen would fain have a view of it.

Whereupon his Wife seeing him so earnest, according to her wonted manner, came in, and setting her self down on a low stool, laid a fair Napkin over her Knees, and set the Platter with the Pasty of Venison thereupon; and presently a Chair was brought for Master Alderman, and a couple of low stools for the two Commoners, which they beholding, with a sudden and hearty Laughter, said: Why Master Sheriff, is this the Table you hold so dear? Yes truly, quoth he: Now verily (quoth they) you herein have utterly deceived our expectation. Even so did you mine (quoth he) in making me Sheriff: but you are all right welcome: and I tell you true, had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not seen my Table now. And I think did my Lord Mayor see it as you do, he would repent his Bargain so hastily made. Notwithstanding, I account my Table never the worse: Nor have you any cause, quoth they. And so after much pleasant Talk they departed, spreading the Fame of Master Sheriffs Table over the whole City.

But you must now imagine that a thousand Cares cumbered the Sheriff, in providing all things necessary to his Office: at what time he put off his Shoe-makers Shop to one of his Men; and set up at the same time the Sign of the Black Swan swimming upon the Sea, in remembrance of that Ship that first did bring him his Wealth: And before that time, the Sign of the Black Swan was never seen or known in any place in or about the City of London.

CHAP. XIV.

How Haunce having circumvented John the French-man's Love, was by him and others finely deceived at the Garden.

NOw at that time John the Frenchman and fair Florence were both at variance, as you heard before by the Dutchman's dealing, by which subtilty he sought means to win favour for himself, which John the Frenchman perceived, and therefore went about not only to prevent him, but to take Revenge on him for his Deceitfulness: and meeting Florence, as she went into the Garden for Flowers, he began to talk thus unto her;

What

It is Rhenish Wine, quoth Bess, and that is never strong. It may be made of Rain well enough (quoth Jone.) At which words Florence entred with a Glass, and pouring it out into a Glass, she extolled the Colour, saying; see what a brave Colour it hath? it is as clear, I do assure you as Rock-water: and therewithal drinking it off, she said, it drinks very dead of a truth, quoth she: this is but bad Wine, it is even as dead as a Door-nail: And so filling the Glass again, she gave it unto Bess; she tasting thereof, said; Passion of me, this is plain water: Water! said Jone, is it water? Let me taste it once again; by my Maiden-head it is water indeed: (quoth she.) Water! said Florence, you have plaid the Drabs in drinking out the wine, and filling the Bottle again with water. Of my Faith (quoth Jone) you say not true in so saying: I would have you to understand, we played not the Drabs in any such sort, but Haunce rather played the Knave, that brought us water instead of wine. Nay, quoth Florence, I dare swear for him, that he would not serve you so, for all the wealth my Master is worth: and I am perswaded that it was no body but your selves that did it; but in Faith you might have dealt so with another, and not with me. Nay then, quoth they, you need not serve us so, to cause us to drink water instead of wine: and we would you should think that although you be Master Sheriff's Maid, we do love our Mouths as well as you do yours for your Life, and it was but a homely Recompence for our good-will; I tell you true, neither do we care how little we come to be thus deluded. Go to, go to, quoth Florence, you are like Penelope's Puppy, that doth bite and whine: I know you well enough. Know us; (quoth Jone!) what do you know by us? we defie you for any thing you can say by us: Know us! Nay, it were well if thou didst know thy self: and hearest thou, though thou hast thy Companions to meet thee at thy pleasure, and we have not, no, know us: we are known to be as honest as thou art, or else we should be sorry: And so they departed in a chafe.

Now John the Frenchman and Nicholas having eaten the Venison, and drunk up the Wine, came back again time enough to hear all this strife, whereat they greatly rejoyced: but so soon as Florence did meet with Haunce again, she kept no small stir for mocking her with a Bottle of Water, about the which they fell at Variance, in such a sort that they were not Friends for a long time after.

But during the time that Haunce was out of Favour, Nicholas sought the Maids friendship by all the means he might, but in vain was his pains spent therein; for although Florence outwardly seemed much displeased, yet Haunce had her heart still, and in process of time obtained great Favour, the matter was grown so forward that the performance of their Marriage was forthwith appointed, which they intended should be celebrated at the Abbey of Grace on Tower-Hill. Notwithstanding this matter was not kept so close, but that their secret dealings were known, and Nicholas purposing to deceive the Dutchman, made John the French-man privie thereunto, saying: John, it is so, that this night at Midnight-Mass Florence and Haunce do intend secretly to be Married, and they have appointed the Friar to do it as soon as the Tapers are all put out, because they will not be seen of any: therefore John, if now you will be my friend, I doubt not but to Marry her my self, and so to give the Dutchman the Gaurpam, and bore him through the Nose with a Cushion. Ha! (quoth John) Got shall do as you sea: and therefore Nicholas tell me what you do: Marry John (quoth he) you know the Dutchman loveth to drink well, and by that he loveth, we will cause him to lose his Love: for we will get him out to the Tavern, and there make him to be disguised, that he shall be neither able to stand or go. John the

French-

scratching his Head, and rubbing his Elbow, said: Masoy M[illegible] how shall we get him forth adoors? Excellent well, quoth M[illegible] there is a new Journeyman come to Town with S. Hugh's Bones at his back, you know that he being of the Gentle-Craft, must go to give him his welcome; and I will tell Haunce thereof, who being very jocund, by reason that his Marriage is so near, will not deny to come I know, therefore you and the strange Journey-man shall go before to the Tavern, and then I will go fetch him. Abeene, content, content said John.

And so to the Tavern he hasted with the strange man. Anon comes Nicholas and Haunce and with them two or three Journey-men more, and all to the new Journey-man: sitting down, they got Haunce in the midst, called for Wine lustily, and such varieties, as the Dutchman was soon sent packing, for every one sought to overcharge him; and being himself of a good kind to take his Liquor, spared not to pledge every man. At what time, in the midst of his Cups, being well whitled, his Tongue ran at random, (as Wine is the bewrayer of Secrets) so it proved by him, for there he opened to his Companions all his mind, saying; My hearts, for all I sit here, I must be a Married-man e'er the Morning. God give you Joy; (quoth they) but who shall you Marry (said Nick) Florence? Yea Florence, said the Dutch-man, that is the Lass that I do love, and all the World cannot deceive me now, I am the Man that must have her Maiden-head, and this night we must be Married at the Abbey of Grace, and if you be good fellows go with me to Church; will you go with me? We will gad wid thee (said John the Frenchman) that we will. O John! (said Haunce) I have wiped your Nose and Nicks too, you must wear the Willow-Garland. Well, what Remedy (quoth they) it is the better for you; but in faith Haunce, seeing it is so, (quoth Nick,) we will have one Bottle of Wine more, that we may drink to the health of your Bride. I'll pledge her if it be a Gallon: (quoth Haunce.) By my Fet and Trot, (said John,) we'll have a Gallon: hea Drawer, where be you? I pray you bring me a Gallon of de best Claret, and a Gallon of de best Sack; shall make merry I fet: what Florence be Marry, and I no know. But by this time that this Wine was drank, Haunce was laid up for walking any more that night. When Nick perceived that, he stole suddenly out of the Tavern, and went to meet Florence at the appointed place: but John quickly missing him, knew straight whereabout he went, and got him presently to the Constable of the Postern-Gate, and told him that Nick had laid a Man for dead in Tower-Street, and that he was gone to save himself under the privilege of the Abbey of Grace: but quoth he, if you will go along, I shall bring him out with fair words unto you, and then I desire you to clap him up to answer this matter in the Morning. But where dwell you, said the Constable? I do dwell with Master Alderman Eyer, quoth John, and there you may have me at all times. The Constable did as John had him, and committed Nicholas to Prison. In the mean space Florence, and an old Woman of Tower-street, said, they did go to a Womans Labour; and by that means they passed along by the Watch, and to the Abbey of Grace they came: they had not long been there, but that John the Frenchman meeting them, said: Florence well met, here is a fit place to finish what I have a long time looked for: John quoth she, thou art like an Evil Spirit, that must be Conjured out, before a body shall get any quietness: urge not me upon any such matters, for you be not the man I look for; and therefore taking as little pleasure in your presence, as of your prowess, I would be very glad to see your back. What, said John, have you no Compassion on a poor man, you are hard-hearted indeed. But as he was uttering these Speeches, it was his Wife's chance to hear his Tongue, being newly come from the Barge at Billingsgate

and

and at that time going towards St. Katherines to see if she could meet with some of her Countrey-folks that could tell her any tydings of her Husband; but as I said, hearing his tongue, and knowing him by his speech, she said: What John Denevale! my Husband, John Denevale, what make you Wed pritty Wench, hea: At these words John was struck into such a dump, that he wist not what to say; notwithstanding hearing Florence to ask if she was his Wife, he answered, and said, Yea. O thou dissembling Fellow! quoth she, is it even so? didst thou not say thou wast a Batchellor; seeking to Marry me, and hast a Wife alive? Now fie on thee: O good Lord! how was I bleft to escape him! Nay, now I see that Haunce may have a Wife in Flanders too, although he be here; and therefore by the Grace of God, I will not Marry a Stranger. Oh, quoth John, I thought my Wife had been dead, but seeing she is alive, I will not lose her for twenty thousand Crowns. So Florence departed, and left John with his VVife.

Now Haunce never waking until it was next day noon, when he saw he had over-slept himself, being very sorry, he went home, not knowing how to excuse his Folly to Florence, whom she utterly forsook, as well in regard of his drunkenness, as for that being a Stranger, he might (like John the Frenchman) have another Wife living. But Nicholas (that all this while lay in Prison) being brought before Alderman Eyer, rehearsed the truth, and craving pardon for his Offence, was without any more adoe delivered: And Florence being called before him, he made up the Match betwæn her and his Man Nicholas, Marrying them out of his own House with Credit, giving them a good Stock to begin the World withal: also for John the French-man did very much, and shewed himself a good Master to his Man Haunce, and to all the rest of his Servants.

CHAP. XV.

How Master Alderman Eyer was chosen Lord Mayor of London; and how he feasted the Apprentices on Shrove-Tuesday.

WIthin a few days after, Alderman Eyer being chosen Lord Mayor of London, changing his Copy, he became one of the Worshipful Company of Drapers, and for this Year he kept a most Bountiful House. At this time it came into his mind what a promise once he made to the Apprentices, being at a breakfast with them at their going to the Conduit, speaking to his Lady in this wise: Good Lord, quoth he, what a change have we had within these thirty years! and how greatly hath the Lord blessed us since that! blessed be his Name for it.

a young Prentice, what a match I did make upon a Shrove-Monday morning, being at the Conduit among other of my Companions: truly me Wife, (quoth he,) is not worth the hearing, and I'll tell thee how it fell out.

After we had filled our Tankards with Water, there was some would needs have me let down my Tankard, and go with them to Breakfast (as many times before I had done) to which I consented, and it was to a Breakfast of Pudding-pies, I shall never forget it: but to make short, when the shot came to be paid, each one drew out his Money, but I had not one penny in my Purse, and credit I had none in the place; which when I beheld, being ashamed, I said; Well my Masters, do you give me my Breakfast this time, and in requital thereof, if ever I be Lord Mayor of London, I'll bestow a Breakfast on all the Prentices of the City. These were the words, little thinking (God wot) that ever it should come to pass: but such was the great goodness of our God, who setteth up the humble, and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom he pleaseth to the Seat of Honour: for as the Scripture witnesseth, Promotion cometh neither from the East nor from the West, but from him who is the giver of all good things, the mighty Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Wherefore Wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for, it is reason that I should perform my Promise, and being able now, I'll pay that which then I was not able to do: for I would not have Men say, that I am like the Ebon-Tree, that neither bears Leaves nor Fruit. Wherefore Wife, seeing that Shrove-Tuesday is so near at hand, I will upon that day fulfill my Promise which upon that day I made. Truly, my Lord, quoth she, I will be right willing thereunto. Then answered my Lord: As thou lovest me, let them want neither Pudding-pies nor Pan-cakes; and look what other good cheer is to be had, I will refer all things to your discretion.

Hereupon great Provision was made for the Prentices Breakfast: and Shrove-Tuesday being come, the Lord Mayor sent word to the Aldermen, that in their several Wards they should signifie his mind to the Citizens, to crave their Favours, that their Prentices might come to his House to Breakfast, and that for his sake they might play all day after.

Hereupon it is ordered, that upon the ringing of a Bell in every Parish, the Prentices should leave work, and shut up their Shops for that day; which being ever since yearly observed, is called the Pancake-Bell. The Prentices being all assembled, my Lord Mayor's House was not able to hold them, they were such a Multitude: so that besides the great Hall, all the Gardens were set with Tables, and in the Back-side Tables were set, and every other place was also furnished, so that at length they were all placed: and while Meat was brought in, to delight their Ears as well as to feed their Bodies, and to drown the noise of their prating, Drums and Trumpets were pleasantly sounded: that being ended, the Waits of the City, with divers other sorts of Musick, played also to beguile the time, and to put off all Discontent.

After the first Service, were all the Tables plentifully furnished with Pudding-pies and Pancakes in very plentiful manner; and the rest that remained was given to the Poor. Wine and Ale in a very great measure they had given, insomuch that they had no lack, nor excess, to cause them to be disordered. And in the midst of their Merriment, the Lord Mayor in his Scarlet Gown, and the Lady in like manner, went in among them, bidding them all heartily welcome, saying unto them: That his Promise so long ago made, he hath at length performed. At that time they in token of thankfulness flung up their Caps, giving a great shout, and incontinently they all quietly departed.

Then

Then after this Year, Sir Simon Eyer Builded Leaden-Hall, appointing that in the midst thereof there should be a Market-Place every Monday for Leather, where the Shoemakers of LONDON, for their more ease, might buy of the Tanners without seeking any further. And so in the end, this Worthy Man ended his Life in the City of London, with great Honour.

A New Love-Sonnet.

Maid.

ALL hail sweet youth, fair Venus graft,
Chief Master of the Gentle-Craft;
How comely seem'st thou in my sight?
Like Phœbus in the Heavens bright;
That never was in Cupid's Pound,
Or from his Shaft receiv'd a wound;
Thy mind with Mirth it doth appear,
And so thy Love is free from grief and care.

Shoemaker.

Fair Maid, you speak no more but truth?
For why? the freedom of my youth
I value at too dear a rate,
To sink my self with any Mate:
There is no comfort on the Earth,
Compared to a free-born mirth;
When fairest Beauties me o'rethwart,
I look the better to my heart.

When beauteous Nymphs do me surprize,
I shut the Casements of my Eyes;
For he's a fond and foolish Elf,
That loves a Maid, losing himself.
To fall in Love is such a thing,
From whence sometimes does Mischief spring,
I wish well unto Woman-kind,
But for to Wed I have no mind

Maid.

What if your Casements chance to ope,
And give Affection so much scope,
As to encounter with a Dame?
Why then methinks it were a shame
For you to love and not to speak,
And by degrees the Ice to break;
But if you speak, and so obtain,
Then have you found your Heart again.

It were a shame for Maids to wooe,
But Men may speak, and so may you.
If that occasion offered be,
God Cupid's blind and cannot see,
But shoots at Random here and there,
O therefore Edmund have a care,
At unawares you may be hit,
No Policy can hinder it.

But, Oh unhappy Woman-kind,
That Toxicated are in mind,
And know not how to vent the same,
Without the loss of our good Name.
They count us bold if now and than
We do but look upon a Man,
And look we may, but dare not speak,
Much less our mind unto them break.

Shoemaker.

Would I were worthy for to know
The cause of this your grief and woe,
For why, your words and looks declare,
Your mind is over-charg'd with care,
If that your heart be fled away,
And it be taken for a stray,
The Man that hath it I'll perswade
To take some pity on a Maid.

This Young-man struck this fair Maid mute
She wanted one to plead her Suit;
Fain would she speak, but was afraid,
This is the case of many a Maid;
He was the Man whom she lov'd best,
Her Heart did lodge within his Breast,
Although to him it was unknown,
Untill at last he lost his own.

Then the God of Love came down,
And on this young-man cast a frown;
He bent his Bow, and sent a Dart,
That struck the Young-man to the heart.
And, 'cause the Maid should win the prize,
He open'd the Shoe-maker's Eyes,
So when her Beauty he beheld,
He gladly yielded up the Field.

With folded Arms along he walkt,
And thus unto himself he talkt:
Oh what are we that vainly trust
In our weak strength that are but dust.
I durst have sworn no living Wight
Could move me from my chief delight,
But now I see and feel the smart,
Mine Eyes too soon deceive my Heart.

He that before was grown so stout,
And strong enough to keep Love out,
Is vanquisht now and made to yield,
And did both win and lose the Field.
He Conquer'd her, to him unknown,
She Conquer'd him, made him her own.
Thus Maids with Men are dallying still,
Till they have brought them to their will.

Alas! quoth he, how am I cross'd?
Beholding her, my self I've lost.
Now Beauty is become a snare,
The which hath brought me to despair,
If she no other Man had lov'd,
I might have hop'd she might be mov'd,
But she another doth affect,
And I must die without respect.

She noting of his Passion then,
As Maids will do that love Young-Men,
And finding the occasion fit,
Mark here a wily Wenches Wit,
Delays prove dangerous she knew,
And many Maids have found it true.
Thus in her self resolv'd to speak,
she unto him her mind did break.

Quoth she, Young-man it is your lot,
The God of Love hath laid a Plot,
The Net is spread, the Bird is caught,
And I have found the thing I sought.
Tho' Men are strong and Women weak,
Stout hearts will yield before they'll break,
And Women sometimes win the Field,
When Men are willing for to yield.

With that the Nymphs and Rural Swains,
Came straitway tripping o're the Plains,
The Satyrs made them Pipes of Reeds,
And brought in Musick more than needs.
The Syrens sung such Songs of Mirth,
That brought King Oberon from the Earth,
The Fairies with the Fairy King,
Did dance about them in a Ring.

Chorus.

All Health and Happiness betide
The Shoemaker and his sweet Bride,
Lo, thus we Sing, and thus we Dance,
Till we have brought Love in a Trance.
Thus pleasures sweet this Couple grace,
Both linkt together in a sweet embrace,
The neighbouring Hills and Dales rebound,
With Eccho of our pleasant sound.

Whilst thus they sung their Roundelays,
God Cupid Crown'd their heads with Bays;
The Bride look'd like the Queen of May,
The Shoemaker led her away.
Where now they live in quiet peace,
And love doth more and more increase.
Thus Love you see can find a way
To make both Men and Maids obey.

Sarah Smith her Book

How

How a Shoemaker's *Widow fell in Love with her* MAN.

THeſe Three Years, *John*, I have been deep in Love,
And ne'er till now had time my mind to move;
Speak; Canſt thou love me? though I am thy Dame,
I would not have thee daunted, fie for ſhame;
Old Proverb, *Spare to ſpeak, and ſpare to ſpeed*,
Thou want'ſt a Wife, and I a Husband need?

His ANSVVER.

MIſtris, I am in Love as well, 'tis true,
But to ſpeak truth, in truth I love not you;
I have a Maid in chaſe, as ſweet a Laſs,
In my conceit, I think, as ever was:
Pray then forbear, it never ſhall be ſaid,
I took a Widow, and forſook a Maid.

Reader, Obſerve what's Written by the Poet,
Women and Maids love Men, though few do ſhow it.

FINIS.

Sarah Smith — 1.16

Charles Smith — 1.16

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